

REAR VIEW  
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ALAN COLE



# PICARDY FIELD AND WESTERN VERSE

BY  
ALANSON L. BUCK

Author

OUTLAW AND OTHER POEMS  
CANADIAN SHORT STORIES



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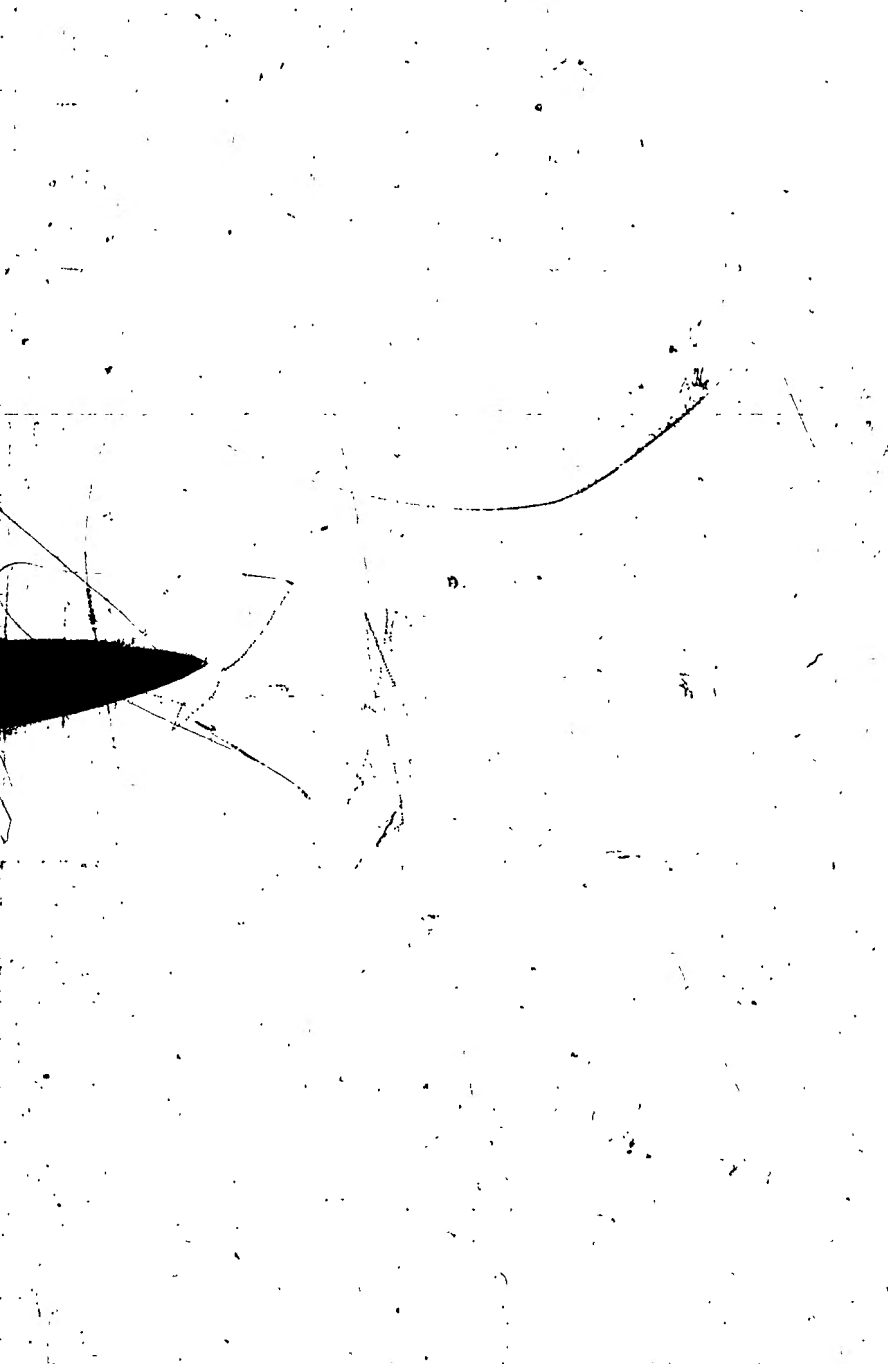
**Returned Soldier Series**

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Sincerely Yours  
Alanson L. Buck





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# PICARDY FIELD AND WESTERN VERSE

## A PURPOSE

I'm rugged from the stormy school,  
It's little I have of learning;  
But God! I've learned some simple things  
In practical hard turning.

My verse is rough, my life is vague,  
But still soul-free I'm playing;  
I'll war with every social blare  
In striving and hoar flaying.

I have no rich, no soothing graft  
To bear me on to glory;  
Hard from an adverse, chilling shaft  
Do I espouse my story.

## A PURPOSE

The trail with pebbles cavils hard,  
Thank God! a light's still flaring;  
Call me an empty seamless one—  
Still filtered truth ~~is~~ blaring.

I'll stake my views and there abide,  
Be they so sweet or sour;  
I'll drop all self in acridness  
For just the pleasant hour—

One pungent hour just to see  
That I did not mis-carry  
The life below ordained to me,  
And purposes to harry.

## FAIR CANADA

Liberty    Loyalty    Industry

Fair Canada, fair Canada! thy people flourish free,  
They knit a nation out of three that warring used  
to be;

And then from land on every hand came all tongues  
to our coast,

Then to the land of Liberty, let's give our cheery  
toast!

So from our inmost heart with voice to make the  
welkin ring,

Sweet land of Liberty, to thee, fair Canada, we  
sing!

Fair Canada, fair Canada! ye are well ruled we  
sing!

'Ye love your fealty unto old Britain and her king;  
Look and behold your statesmen hold, all busy at  
their post,

Then to the land of Loyalty, let's give our cheery  
toast!

So from our inmost heart with voice to make the  
welkin-ring,

Dear land of Liberty, to thee, fair Canada we sing!

## FAIR CANADA

Fair Canada, fair Canada! thy commerce brightens  
far!

The great fire pine, the hidden mine, thy coming  
promise are;

Thy lands are still as good to till for fruit and  
grain as most,

Then to the land of Industry, let's give our cheery  
toast!

So from our inmost heart with voice to make the  
welkin ring,

Blest land of Industry, to thee, fair Canada, we  
sing!

## FAIR CANADA

Music by A. M. Bock

The musical score for "Fair Canada" is presented in six systems. Each system consists of a treble staff and a bass staff. The first five systems are the main body of the song, and the sixth system is the refrain. The music is in 4/4 time and uses a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "mf" (mezzo-forte). The refrain is marked with a "Refrain" label and a "mf" dynamic marking.

## PICARDY FIELD

Really safe home from the odious war,  
With a badge labelled front on my breast,  
Away from the blood, devastation and mud,  
To the old prairie home in the West.

To the mighty grain fields, the blue sky, the lakes  
Where the wild goose, the mallard doth nest;  
Then I strangely grow sad as I think of a lad  
Who never will join us out West;

For he lies far away in a Picardy field,  
He died with the noblest and best;  
And the daisy still keeps rare watch where he  
sleeps,  
And the poppy makes charming his rest.

In his ground-sheet he lies in a shell-blasted hole  
But his memory will ever be blest;  
For in some loving heart strange emotion will start,  
Keep freshened the plot of his rest.



## SONG OF THE STANDARD BEARER

The standard flaps,  
I only know  
It must not come to harm;  
My own mishaps  
Are nothing though  
When it is in alarm.

It is more rare  
To me than life,  
All danger I must quell,  
My life to dare  
In surging strife  
To keep it safe and well.

Should it be gone  
And I be left,  
My honor shall decline,  
Unless is drawn  
A gory cleft  
To show I offered mine.

## UNITED CANADA

United people from all Nations sprung,  
Sweet be thy name in brilliant home and hall;  
Let it be sung in the cold frozen North,  
Where loyal kinsmen answer to they call.

Strong is the love of home and country born,  
Choice are the blessings on thy verdant shore,  
Let Britain be extolled for her pure aims;  
And our great King, O God for evermore.

And to our Allies grañt a kind repose,  
A speedy triumph o'er the wanton Hun;  
Blast all sedition of malicious foes,  
Increase our progress in the Setting Sun.

## AFFINITY

### CANADA TO BRITAIN

She begged us not for our children, we pledged her  
our splendid sons;  
She asked us not for our weapons, we sent her our  
fiery guns,  
She hinted not at donations, we knew where the  
door-way stood,  
And the pantry need not be empty while the  
daughter has the food.

The need of the mother's table doth open the kin  
dred heart,  
Defence of the mother's honor teacheth the child  
its part:  
The mother's friends and her Allies are cherished  
gay and bold,  
And whose but the household prowess may help  
safe-guard the fold.

For we of the maple breeding, born thewed with  
a strong uplift,  
Are come with our mighty products to tender the  
mother the gift;  
Ours is the lofty vision when the summons comes  
to go,  
In the great love that binds us to match e'en the  
Hunnish foe.

## OUR BOYS

The summons has come! the boys they are gone—  
They are now at the front in this war of man-  
kind;

As the grinding wheel turns, our memory burns  
Of the fine fellows all, and their loved ones  
behind;

Say, what will you do when the hat is passed  
round?—

You can help with your dollars with a stout  
will—

For that is the way you may back those who pay  
Those arguments pointed to mad Kaiser Bill,  
(Passing the judgment on mad Kaiser Bill).

Those days down at Ypres, gassed, wounded and  
wrought;

Those weeks strong at Vimy Ridge proving  
our word:

Are you not proud that Festubert was fought?

Does the story of Passchendale make your  
heart stirred?

Then what will you do when the hat is passed  
round?

The dollars will maxim-as nothing else will;

'Twill help our brave boys mid gas, shrapnel, noise,  
Argue the question with mad Kaiser Bill,  
(Fight all the legions of mad Kaiser Bill).

## OUR BOYS

Ah! days in the trenches, gutted and spurned  
With death's phantom grinning and clutching  
aghast,

But the boys they won't mind if you're thoughtful  
and kind

In filling the pantry shelves while the war last;  
For this is a holy war smoking to God,

Treaties and oaths must be kept with a will;  
While these truths plain, they burn on his brain,

Just fill up the hat till they educate Bill!  
(Putting the kibosh on mad Kaiser Bill!)

The summons has come! the boys they are gone—  
They are now at the front in this war of man-  
kind;

As the grinding wheel turns, our memory burns  
Of the fine fellows all, and their loved ones  
behind;

Then fill up the hat to its furthestmost brim,  
Back up the boys with a hearty good will,  
'Till the Teuton war drum forever is dumb,  
Crushed with the Kultur of mad Kaiser Bill!  
(When the blue mould is o'er him, a groan for  
old Bill!)

## THE OLD SCHOOL BELL

Ding, ding, dong! over the wavey trees  
Is wafted by on the morning breeze  
The warning toll of the old school bell;  
Plodding along with their ears afloat,  
Ready to catch just the faintest note  
Of bird, bee or squirrel, whose accents tell  
Of a futile chase, a scramble, fall,  
Of secret store in some stump or wall,  
Hurry the children, knowing the fate  
Of the boys and girls who come in late.

Ding, ding, dong! comes in the mid-day glow  
Over the lake with its rough white flow  
The hurry call of the old school bell;  
Fresh from their lunch and a game of ball,  
A chase through tangles of bushes tall,  
Or a swim where cooling waters swell,  
The boys are rushed to the old log school  
With its axe-hewn walls, its shadows cool,  
To the books and slates and black-boards large  
And the anxious pedagogue in charge.



THE OLD SCHOOL BELL  
"With its Axe-hewn Walls"





## THE OLD SCHOOL BELL

Ding, ding, dong! comes in the evening still  
Down past the logs and the old saw-mill  
The welcome toll of the old school bell;  
Away go the boys (for now they're free!)  
In a good old-fashioned noisy glee,  
In a wholesome joy but youth can tell;  
The girls sedately linger behind  
Ushered by wisdom to them assigned—  
More gentle far than the boy's rough ways,  
Who love the pranks of the old school days.

Ding, ding, dong! What doth it's message teach?  
A rustic seat of learning, simple and free to each,  
This urgent toll of the old school bell;  
We go from it to the world's last lure;  
A call in life and a purpose sure;  
Each rush to a paradise or hell  
Till many miles of a trail arise  
Between each strayed and his natal skies,  
Till the lust of purposes most quell  
The haunting toll of the old school bell.

Ding, ding, dong! Then when we're older grown  
Will come to our minds the same old tone,  
The phantom toll of the old school bell;

## THE OLD SCHOOL BELL

We'll toss in dreams as it's errant toll  
Throws o'er the land a pleasing roll.  
In the cheerful tone we knew so well,  
To work or play in the dim old school  
With its axe-hewn walls; its shadows cool,  
To the same old books and blackboards large,  
And the rampant pedagogue in charge;  
But rouse in time to miss the fate  
Of the truant ones who come in late!

## EVENING ON LAKE MINDEMOYA

Oh! plaëid lake!

The darkness gathers o'er thee;  
Thy sombre shores are dim  
In verdant state before thee;  
Yon isle, I wis, thy waters kiss,  
But does not deign to bore thee.

The wild duck's call

Fades absently across thee;  
I hear beyond the bay  
A tinkling bell engross thee;  
The milk-maid shy her lullaby  
"Flings o'er the lake to sauce thee."

The farmer lad

Now quits his work about thee;  
Dry herds barter thy shade,  
They cannot do without thee;  
The boys at play within the bay  
Plunge in the flood and flout thee.

The mill at ease

Has steamed all day beside thee;  
Yon cave is cool and deep,  
But years ago denied thee;  
The ancient crane saw Autumns wane  
When dusky red-men tried thee.

## · EVENING ON LAKE MINDEMOYA ·

Bid darkness wait,  
The sun but longer please thee;  
His great orb glows amain  
For further West he flees thee;  
Did he the morn that thou ~~went~~ born  
Thy infant cry appease thee?

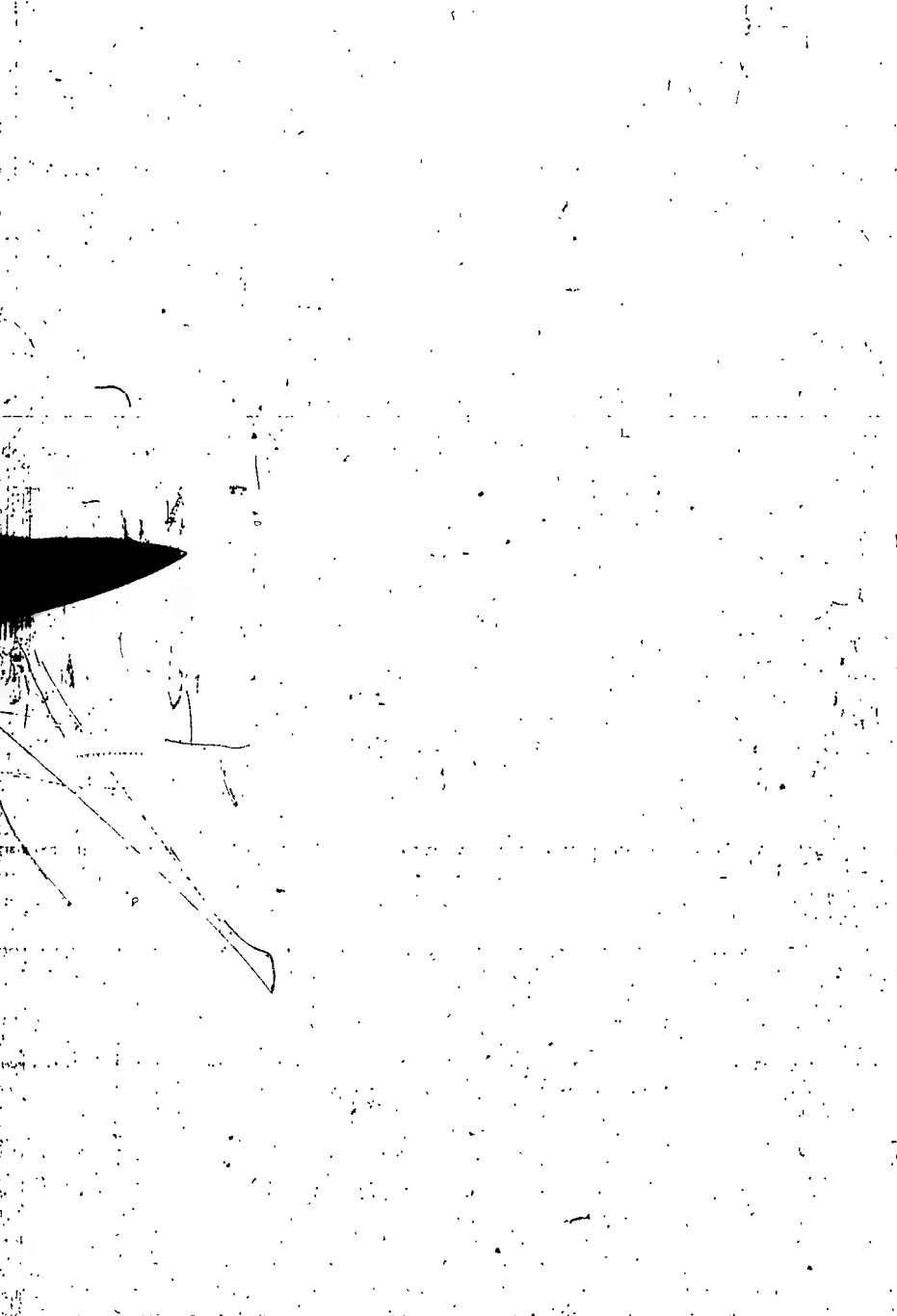
Had I but seen  
The spangled clouds around thee  
In starry solitude  
Obscure the cords that bound thee—  
What crystal sight! how wond'rous bright!  
The morn creation found thee!

What melody!  
What heightened joy to know thee  
As thou are now,  
The past is hid far, far below thee;  
Still traces bide within the tide  
Stamped in the rock to show thee.

Yes, on thy banks,  
But higher up I trace thee;  
The hand that rules on high  
Can prosper or deface thee;  
But sanctity will come to thee—  
He will not all erase thee.



**BATHING SCENE, LAKE MINDEMOYA**  
*Manitoulin Island, Ontario*



## EVENING ON LAKE MINDEMOYA

What trackless sand!

Foot-prints cannot destroy thee,  
For when the vile has passed  
Sadness and shame annoy thee,  
And forth thy wash her stamp to squash  
Floats shoreward to convoy thee.

---

Still night comes on

The distant shores now fade thee,  
But the outstretching sight  
Continues to invade thee;  
Slow as the snipe in dusty white  
On the hard rocks that stayed thee.

A slight wind stirs,

The elfin stars bedeck thee;  
A wondrous rustling moves  
From points that scarcely check thee;  
Dark fishes leap from out the deep  
And almost seem to wreck thee.

---

The Pleiades

Still weave a spot to hide thee;  
We see with moistened eye  
Her shadowy place inside thee;  
The Dipper bold her journeys hold  
For her beams too have tried thee.

## EVENING ON LAKE MINDEMOYA.

The darting flies

Sport infant gems to light thee;

Home-fires about thee shine

Conspiring to benight thee;

While Peace looks on from dark to dawn,

Showers down bliss to right thee.

I look beyond

The present that enfolds thee,

And know assured, somewhere

A master hand upholds thee;

Or else from where those blushes rare

When sensual stare beholds thee?

The moon I see;

It saw long years above thee;

It seems so clear tonight,

Clear as the hearts that love thee;

What was the night her dimmed sight

The first enchantment wove thee?

Rest, happy lake!

Till greater truth shall weave thee

A scroll in regions blest,

And there enchanted leave thee;

Not silly dreams about thee seems,

Nor tyrant hands to grieve thee.



## EVENING ON LAKE MINDEMOYA

The nightly rest  
Now hallows, being by thee;  
The stillness of the deep  
Does not attempt to fly thee;  
Roll on, oh, lake! the morrow's wake  
Will show a new phase nigh thee!

## AUTUMN AT CAVEMOUNT

O beamy, golden Autumn!  
Balmy, refreshing Autumn!  
Hot Summer flies before thy fervent sway;  
We're glad for thy careering  
The life of Nature cheering,  
Then, quickly passing, veering;  
And none may stay.

The hardy sugar maple,  
The sweet old sugar maple,  
Crimsons his outline at thy soothing voice;  
The sturdy oak is bending,  
His spilling leaves defending,  
Yet always drooping, blending!  
While we rejoice.

And silvery are the willows,  
The small thick-matted willows,  
That strew their robes upon the garden lawn;  
One moment clustered, clinging,  
Then spreading, sprinkling, springing  
To match the woodland ringing;  
And then are gone.

## AUTUMN AT CAVEMOUNT

The woods are wild with revels,  
Artistic kind of revels,  
To welcome this most vestal time of year;  
But soon the Winter's chilling,  
The Autumn's charms are milling,  
And whether we are willing—  
The snow is here.

Along the rocky uplands,  
The brown old drowsy uplands,  
That frown above fair Mindemoya lake—  
We hear no more the clatter  
Of birds in busy chatter,  
They too must gather, patter,  
And then forsake.

Then, sweet consoling Autumn!  
Most ~~rate~~ ~~delusive~~ Autumn!  
Pillar the rays of Manitoulin air;  
Life's fantasies are sweeping,  
And not all easy reaping,  
And while some guard we're keeping,  
Turn to thee fair.

## THE OLD BELL-MARE

Dar'st saddle the old gray leader, the mare at the head of the herd?

'Tis easy to set her nerves pitching when her allies be stormed and stirred;

Her age sets light in her teeth-cups; unsaddled, unbitted, unspurred!

For watchful, unflinching and heedful, she hath the nerve and the fire,

And many of doubtful valor doth harry them into the mire;

The Teuton, the Hun and the Crescent, doth judge of her dreadful ire.

(Ah! she scouts on the hollow borders with sinews that never tire!)

Harness-marked are the mighty sinews and steeled to the herd's long shift;

She is farrow with fevered weanings, but teacheth her kindred thrift;

And she bucks with the lightest filly that curvets her trail adrift.

Her meadow's the highway of commerce where anger and hatred run;

Her guards are the Dreadnought Stallions that squeal in the hungry gun;

And in the corrals of her Empire she exhibits the trophies won.

(That great broad throbbing Empire with never a setting sun!)

## THE OLD BELL-MARE

Likewise the reeking trenches gripped strong in  
death's embrace,  
Where she girdles with steel-thrust hoof-prints the  
citadel of her race;  
She watches with lofty vigils with her Allies face  
to face.

Her birthright is not all they spy for, her thresh-  
ings not all they seek,  
And they who would snatch from her border must  
first discover it weak,  
For she driveth with hostile anger unless they be  
strong to speak.

Wise she is as the oldest she is firm as the last  
golden flare;  
To those that would shadow her borders—for  
safety's sake have a care,  
The fillies grown rounded with prowess are taught  
of the old bell-mare.

Fires that canker and smoulder oft break into  
flame at her zeal,  
For she breathes with a growing tumult should  
her ambushed pilots wheel—  
Then the shriek of high explosive, how the stall-  
fed stallions squeal!

To the world-ends go her offspring and never a  
one has knelt,  
Ordained they are to the conquest, scar-bruised  
with many a welt,  
For the foals of the staunch gray leader shall see  
that their breeding's felt.

## THE OLD BELL-MARE

Progress and grainaries bulging, follow their furrows their seed,  
In doughty lands of their choosing the picked of her bands may breed,  
And these with the breath of their mother dare lower their manes and feed.

But the guards of the ranch-house corrals must challenge against surprise,  
And who hath construed their communing by forging them into lies,  
To compass the mares with the geldings wherever the tense herd flies.

There be spies that mix in the corrals or hunt in the strongholds riven,  
Or sloth in the under-currents or connive with the craft of heaven,  
To ravage the luscious pastures when the herd be tossed and driven.

To snare on the lonely ridges, to grizzle the marks of the brand,  
Or rope of the tugging fillies the very choice of the band.

Then these with the stern gray leader must make their fight as they stand.

With signals and snort at danger should assault with a fulness set,  
So crabbed with wrestled forays, famine, battle and trench-grimed fret,

Thus the old bell-mare of the ranges must watch out the seasons yet.

(Try fanning or scratching the leader to see if her sun has set!)

TO R. K.

ON CORRALS AND TRAILS OF EMPIRE

(Written previous to the entry of U.S.A. into the war.)

I was born in a Daughter's tepee of the Lady of  
the Snows,

And I guess that I know her language as only the  
native knows;

And I'm sure I've enjoyed your verses as far as  
your wisdom goes.

You are one of the bell-marc's cowboys, your seat  
is her bent corral;

Can'st thou tell if the old dame hearkens should  
one of her offspring squall?

Dost think she would lash with frenzy should it  
wince in the training stall?

Wilt thou look if her eyes are blazing to witness  
them take the brand?

For this is the process of knowledge that they may  
know how to stand,

To show the clear marks of the method be it by  
sea or by land.

## ON CORRALS AND TRAILS OF EMPIRE

Do you judge she loveth the erring, the first of  
her mother-yearn?

Her lusty, high-born princeling who was first at  
her shoulder to learn,

And when to control his harem to a bevy of brides  
did burn?

Say'st thou that the starry bevy thus taught in a  
passioned fray,

Thinks less of the fruitful mother as she cradles  
her life away,

Or high from her rock *imposing* looks down on  
the trail-heads of day?

For she knoweth the moons and the seasons in  
kindness when to wean,

For one of the over-suckled is dotish and sluggish  
and lean,

Unfit in the herd's broad *round-ups* to dash where  
the lithest career.

Or which of the prim, budding fillies doth best  
attest to her breed,

To trot by her favored shoulder or with her picked  
squadrons to speed,

Or squeal with the warning challenge ere their  
manes are lowered to feed?



## ON CORRALS AND TRAILS OF EMPIRE

Doth she think ~~that~~ they all are worthy to bear  
her an honored name,

Whether by Pole or in Tropics, that none may bawl  
to her shame,

Whether for gain or for conquest, defence or for  
savory fame?

Doth she think them equally doughty to breathe  
in the mother lap,

When the lords of the earth with invective,  
threaten the band with mishap,

And the dame to her pregnant daughters no longer  
may lip the pap?

Or which of the social fillies doth love their stern  
mother most,

As they scout in the troubled season on the spy-  
bound miles of coast,

Where the bonds of filial duties are neighed as a  
daily toast?

Methinks in the froth of danger, should the jealous  
bombard her roof,

And the birds and the beasts together descend to  
claw hoof from hoof,

Not one of her nervous fillies will nicker or scurry  
aloof.

## ON CORRALS AND TRAILS OF EMPIRE

Yes! then shall the blood of their shedding revigor  
the corrals of earth,

When the brands of Empire threaten to fray from  
her harnessed girth—

The blood of their mighty shedding shall bind  
them anew as at birth!

## DID YOU EVER KNOW

Did you ever know the aching hurt, the bruise that  
will not heal;

To stand at grips with a potent force that you may  
not reveal;

When it queers your life of most that's sweet and  
your reeling brain-nerves swim?

It pierces when you're least aware and your heart  
in pain is grim.

It haunts you when you seek it least and it smarts  
most in the calm,

You try to ease it off a bit or to cure its teasing  
qualm;

It filters in when you feel most gay, your heart-  
shelves are laid bare,

You often feel in the blithest times that thrust—  
you know you care!

Invisible to the themes of fact it is not heard, nor  
seen,

Most every life must have its wraith, its ghost-on-  
the-background screen;

You've cast it off and thought 'twas gone and loud  
in health you laugh,

Till in some daily course engaged—a slap as of  
blow from staff.

## DID YOU EVER KNOW

There is no truce with this stinging foe that makes  
no outward welt,  
For the frozen death-mask mute and stern emits  
no torments felt;  
No welt'ring blood breaks rudely out and the  
symptoms do not shine,  
And none may guess that agony in your gnawing  
heart and mine.

And yet perhaps 'tis but a sprig, some nick-nack  
fruitless, vain,  
Or a flimsy scarf, a childish toy, or a bubble to  
sustain;  
Maybe a *memory* slight and dim that quavers  
through the dern;  
Then the jagged wound breaks out afresh—my  
God, thus we beings learn!

## TO MISS CANADA

Talk not but creed or religion,  
Dreadnoughts, and all such stuff;  
Call not your statesmen grafters,  
Call not their wisdom bluff;  
Threats of reprisal, go banish;  
The call of lust, go despise;  
Christ! but we intensely honor  
The land where the old flag flies.

Deem not your Senate traitors,  
Steeped in treason your sons;  
Neither are such, but veterans  
Wherein the red blood runs;  
Look you well to the language,  
Therein the danger lies;  
And ever shield and honor  
The land where the old flag flies.

Not with cant of jingoes  
Will ye to heights attain;  
Not with malice or glamor  
Will ye to all make plain;  
Above loot are the people,  
Their mottoes, the franchise;  
The setless sun doth witness  
Wherever the old flag flies.

## TO MISS CANADA

Neither with pledges broken  
Will ye abroad be known  
As one of ideals lofty  
Seeking the world's condone;  
Seeking the post that's promised,  
This may ye eternize—  
"Canada, for all ages!"  
Wherever the old flag flies!

Not all in party travails,  
That tusk their rabid hate  
Shall ye abroad be blazoned  
With herald's trump innate;  
Nor yet in party frame-ups  
That vamp misguided fire,  
And boast of loyal motives  
From platforms of hell-ire.

Your sisters need not flaunt you  
Nor look with prim askance,  
Nor draw their skirts in langor  
To brand you in mischance;  
Your famous past still teaches  
Your pulse shall surge and rise;  
As one of Albion's daughters  
Shout, when the old flag flies!

## TO-MISS CANADA

Or, in the trying moment  
Of some misguided writ,  
Or intern rank eruption  
Decrepit in misfit,  
Point to our needled statutes  
Won in unselfish age;  
We harry not our kindred,  
*Let but the culprits rage.*

## THE MOOD OF CANADA

Raise wide the shout triumphant,  
The cry of battled host;  
Go forth fiercely exultant  
That seek the danger most!

We sniff, we hunger blindly,  
Yet crave the peaceful art;  
This to the foeman kindly,  
"Ours is no mummer's part."

When War's blind desolation  
But threats our gloried shore,  
We rise, O, consolation!  
As those that served before.

Then let the word be given,  
To all let this be known—  
That in the conflict riven,  
Where'er our seed be blown.

We die, but no surrender;  
We brook no foreign yoke;  
Our blood and bones we lend her,  
E'er yet one tie be broke.



## THE MOOD OF CANADA

The martyred kindred spirits  
Will troop from cloven clod;  
They rest from conflicts near it—  
Dare we disgrace their sod?

Yet not the Dreadnought's glamor,  
Not Havoc's dreadful scream,  
No blind Politic clamor  
Alone we sanely deem.

We woo the sage's counsel,  
The art of Peace we coach;  
We shun the flimsy tinsel  
That brings the sad reproach.

*Then raise the shout triumphant,  
The cry of battled host:  
We go, fiercely exultant,  
We serve our Country most!*

## WHAT'S WHAT?

When a fellow's down a bit in his luck  
Out at the knees and beastly sick—  
When he's hardly above the plastic muck—  
Right, old world! just lend him a kick—  
Your sympathy.

You'd watched the 'want ads' long for a choice,  
You see an opening pause; then wait;  
Quickly apply with an anxious voice,  
Lo! sweetly the answer floats, "too late"—  
Recompense!

You see the other chap scale the cliff,  
The thorny trail is sere and tough;  
You resurrect some sin of his youth  
And blaze it out with slandered stuff—  
Generosity!

You get the helping hand in your need  
Are lifted out most bogged of the mire;  
You turn your head with a flagrant greed  
Then rip his back with a mad satire—  
That's Thankfulness!

## WHAT'S WHAT?

A big moose gets in front of your gun,  
You are so sure of his tanned hide  
You shoot away but you rake the sun;  
"Tis all the gun's fault," loud you cried—  
Justification?

That five pound bass that your kind friend caught,  
You glommer at with proud dismay,  
And then with a mystery o'erwrought,  
"I caught a bigger, he got away"  
Consolation.

The Doctor chap in the dead of night  
Comes with his soft sardonic grins;  
You hide your face in a quaking fright  
As later he calmly murmurs, "twins"—  
Fortune?

While walking down the street in your pride  
The way secluded, a dandy beau,  
Miss Figleaf-and-feathers joins your side,  
You leer on her in a way, so-so—  
That's Reciprocity!

When out of work and your cash all spent,  
You walk the street all pinched from lack,  
You see the dark with the yellow gent (or the  
knave that blabs to the boss for a cent,  
Hold down the jobs; do you damn them black?  
Sing "The Maple Leaf Forever."

## A REMITTANCE MAN

He's just a plain remittance man  
Packed off here by a parent's ban;  
He was a roving blade at home,  
A ne'er-do-well, so doomed to roam;  
Just a bit in the way of pa—  
Was just a slight mischance to ma;  
So off to Canada they sent  
The black sheep of the flock, and lent  
Him money through, to dawdle West,  
With something over, to invest.

So here he is with untrained thews,  
Maybe a love of frills and booze;  
But then he got the poisoned taste  
From years at home in drastic waste.  
With no set calling but a name,  
Sounding big to his bitter shame;  
So into Western life he bumps,  
That'll soon take out those airy dumps,  
That'll get him with touch of tan,  
Though he be a remittance man.

There is still in his racing blood  
A gift to be never withstood,  
A hope to gain, a pang to rise,  
Ever the lesser dregs demise,

## A REMITTANCE MAN

A nerve the prairies woo and feed,  
That's centered in the franchised breed;  
Miles in clutch of a great no-where  
Close converse, as a sealed co-heir,  
While the bloated pulse, the flabby thews  
Wax strong and lean from simple use.

It's clever what the West will do  
In bracing up of brain and thew;  
Many a one bucks up all right  
Wherein he stands in no one's light;  
A chance for all, for all fair play  
Still down you go if you won't pay;  
But playing game and schenking fair  
In buoyant climate; the prairie air  
That fills the lungs, the face with tan—  
You're a new force remittance man!

The year has antidotes for booze,  
The air a calm for untrained thews;  
There's tonic in the scragged mile  
That dusts o'er nomad trails pensile;  
A little farm, a homestead shack,  
With odds and ends its garnered snack,  
Loot the mind of its ragged sham;  
Looks at life in an epigram;  
Seeing things in their natural light  
Exploits anew a skilled birthright.

## A REMITTANCE MAN

He looks not through a liquor glass  
On things of life that come to pass;  
He bats no more with flitted frills  
Nor daisied hose with X-ray thrills;  
These things he cut with other tares,  
Plucking his first life of its snares—  
His poker games, his opera craze  
His gilded crest, a rueful maze,  
The champagne suppers, lights galore,  
Fantastic tripping on the floor.

His homestead's on the Little Arm;  
A tidy, paying, well-kept farm;  
He's married now, a prairie bred,  
A brunette, lithe with docile tread  
To serve or fathom a mate's part  
In grain fields or the prairies' mart;  
Her tutored presence long doth rid  
Prairie-life from a state vapid;  
Proud she is of her husky man  
The voice that's firm, the cheek of tan.

\* \* \* \*

Much of your vaunted British fire  
Burns to the cinders in desire;  
Toss us the cinders if you please,  
Gather them from the Seven Seas;

## A REMITTANCE MAN

Search where your scattering wits have thrown  
This refuse of your blood and bone;  
Give them us with their ravaged lives,  
Canada freshens! lo! revives!  
How she treats, her subjects may learn,  
Hers is a motive pure, intern!

## COME TO THE SUNSET LAND

Hail to the sunset land  
Mellowly spread;  
Hail to the crocus land  
Azurn and red;  
Hail to the pregnant land  
In rolling bed.

When from the kiss chinook  
Vastitude breathes,  
Blushing, the north-west world  
Nudity sheathes;  
Seemly in bridal form,  
Arca breathes.

Fitly, the ranges clothed  
Hasten the word;  
Coulee and lake and slough  
With life are stirred;  
Broad stretches all agog  
Fatten their herd.

What like the prairie  
Jaspers the dew!  
Sweet to the gulches rim  
Bend grasses true;  
The muskrat mines the ground  
By reedy slough.



## COME TO THE SUNSET LAND

Shyly the mallard spies  
Whither to stray;  
The wavey nests serene  
In marshes gray;  
The badger scoops his hole  
Deep in the clay.

Weirdly the northern wind  
Rustles the crest;  
Fresh from the azure scrub  
Gleams the last west;  
Far flits the antelope  
In pastured quest.

Clear o'er the continent  
Zig-zag the trails  
Till in its wonderment  
History pales;  
Rugged in piping earth  
Magnitude fails.

What be these stony mounds,  
Outlawed and high  
By every water-course  
Moss-bound and dry?  
Ah! what a bleaching age  
Shrivelled must lie!

## COME TO THE SUNSET LAND

Ah! by the smudgy blaze  
What shaggy kill!  
What hearty lustfulness  
Feasting their fill!  
Muttly the camp-rings lie  
On every hill.

Now in the hunting-fields  
Powders no knell;  
Chance in the battled feuds  
Shambles no hell;  
Then—then the hoodgoed mound  
Shadows her spell.

Gone is the bison's form,  
His brutal rage;  
Miles of his drivelled bones  
Progress the age;  
Visaged another scroll  
Auras the page.

Miles of the virgin soil  
Thawed to the plough  
Fruitful the dauntless years  
Wooing her now;  
She wants no weasy bones—  
The strong must bow.

## COME TO THE SUNSET LAND

What are the blandishments  
Border-land throws?  
Brambles and sterile hills,  
Muskegs and snows?  
Stop! 'tis the choice of earth  
Noviced, she shows.

Hark! in the swarthy land  
Expands the grain;  
Fast on its bed of steel  
Fires the train;  
Deep in the pink of fields  
Feed hoof and mane.

Western heritage  
Broadened and blest  
Is for the sterling ones  
Of trying test—  
'Tis what she offers you—  
Witching bequest!

Far on the blazing trails  
Juggles the news,  
"Canada welcometh  
Bared arms and thews;"  
Hers is the willingness,  
'Tis yours to choose.

## COME TO THE SUNSET LAND

Come to the sunset land—

It's calling you!

Speak to the trail-end land—

'Tis urging too!

Haste to the promised land—

The welcome's true!

## THE SAND-HILL TRAIL

There's a coyote in the morning  
Heard awrangling with a fellow;  
And the droning of the prairie  
Hath a charm all touched and mellow—

How the tang of crocus blossoms  
Greet the early morning train,  
And with muscles strained and saggy  
I must hit the ties again.

All last night I watched the blinking  
And diaper of the sky,  
As the little dabs of starlets  
Elbowed on in lullaby.

And I heard that wond'rous slogan  
Heard by dwellers of the plain,  
Heard the language of the native  
In his unannexed domain.

And I seemed to hear the trampling  
Of the bison shake the sod—  
Seemed to hear terrific battling—  
Those that wrestle flesh from God.

## THE SAND-HILL TRAIL

Then I saw the frantic slaughter  
Of the last stand quail the earth;  
Then about was horror, blackness,  
Reeking stench, and wanton dearth.

Then I seemed to shake and quiver  
As afar I thought I heard  
That strange coming of a people—  
And they could not be deterred.

Once again I heard that murmur  
As I heard it long ago  
When I was a common squaw-man  
With my hybrid offspring, so.

But along with age of progress  
Came a malady so strange—  
And I saw the simple people  
Dying off the well known range.

Then I found myself one morning,  
With my burden on my back,  
Hiking for outlandish places,  
And I thought I'd ne'er come back.

Years of heart-ache in the gloaming,  
Years of lassitude and hate—  
Back I trudged to well known places,  
With a two-lung test of fate.

## THE SAND-HILL TRAIL

To the fast obscuring landmarks  
And the ashes of a race;  
Now I know a few more seasons  
Will not leave a single trace.

There my tepee stood this morning—  
Where's my blanket, pony, gun?  
Yonder threads the great Arm Valley  
Where the choicest bison run.

\* \* \* \* \*

Found within a railroad hovel  
Just a wrinkled, battered tramp;  
And his dead form in the darkness  
Is all musty, mutely damp.

Cover him upon this hillside—  
Other dead were here before;  
See those ancient mounds and hillocks  
And those camp-rings mossed and hoar!

## QU'APPELLE

When the moon at kiss of dawn  
Traced deathless shades on Nature's lawn—  
Then he touched the etching well—  
Thou wert ushered, blest Qu'Appelle!

Mung the rainbow out to dry,  
Drew its lavishments from high,  
Brushed them throbbing to excell—  
Laurels thine, O, blue Qu'Appelle!

Robbed the lightning of his flame;  
Put his fire in thy name;  
Threw the thunder in a cell—  
Thine the jailer, bold Qu'Appelle!

Sent the dew-drops forth to cool,  
Breathed their nectars in the pool;  
Edged the rim with tinted shell—  
Ecstasy is thine, Qu'Appelle!



## QU'APPELLE

Legends hover in thy shade,  
Milestones of the West are laid;  
Mirages and moods, what spell!  
Thou are beautiful, Qu'Appelle!

An oasis in a dream,  
Shaggy hillsides, wavy stream,  
Tinkling quiver of a bell—  
Eden's garden, charmed Qu'Appelle!

## LA CLOCHE

Crested wave and foamy flake  
Play against the leaf-girt shore;  
And the deeper tone of lake  
Faintly throbs the sullen roar.

And I see a thousand streams  
Mirrored 'twixt these plots of land;  
Realistic are the dreams—  
Shcering cliffs and stern foreland.

Flotsam of the lazy foam,  
How the leafy eddies shift,  
Gently onward in the gloam,  
Surging down with mingled drift!

Pilot of the scene engrossed,  
Sinks the sun in forest fast;  
Fairyland seems here embossed;  
Tinkling light from towering mast,

Hold revel the merry night  
Nosing down with witching glide,  
Full of vagary, some bright  
Brushflies past the traffic-side.

## LA CLOCHE

Oh! what pleasure here to be,  
Oh! what beauty on the wave;  
See! adown the ideal sea,  
Many thousand islands rave!

So when mid-heat days are come  
And the sweltry towns all pant,  
Let me fly their senseless hum,  
Give me back the water's chant.

Long the cooling wavelets float,  
Urging all to come and take;  
Welcome sound of oar and boat  
Hails the freedom of the lake!

## WASCANA

Come, western-bred, come ride with me tonight,  
The prairie lawn hath novelty and light,  
Majesty, modesty, etched upon the sward:  
The trail alone doth chaperone and guard.

How rare the bondage yield I to thine eyes,  
Love's cordial oozes to imparadise;  
Far above nonsense is their gay rampart,  
The safety gauge of all within thine heart.

The faint patrols that scout the evening sky  
Are all the witnesses that filter nigh;  
But come, my love, our saddles sway anon,  
Our ponies leap and trample to begone.

On many acres flags the gipsy mile,  
There is no distance measured mercantile;  
Love is a wassail on the rocking trail,  
Life is a friendly flitting to regale.

How crush the crocuses to shambled tread,  
An orgy of color for a bed;  
How shy with incense float the native stains,  
That rise in fantasy before our reins.

## WASCANA

Beyond the skyline, hoof-free is our race,  
The honeyed coulee doth seduce our pace;  
Past its wry mouth we float; beguiled, inwreathed,  
'Twere sacrilege to break; our speech is  
sheathed.

On some stayed billow halt our docile steeds,  
Remote from care or earth's more fancy  
breeds;  
And here the air is ripe with harping sound,—  
There is no silence on the prairie found.

What may,—what may this haunting token be?  
What record of the past is lilting free?  
Leave to the prairie all her ycleped song,  
We back to earth must harry and belong.

Back, homeward springing do we ride and rest,  
A homestead shack our stronghold, palaced  
nest;  
Here may we live while love allotted spans,  
Prairie-born, raised, West's true artisans!

## VOICE OF A PRODIGAL

I go to thee from the blaze-aged trail,  
Claim of thee heart of the wild;  
I heard thy call when my hope did pall,  
I come, thy prodigal child.

For I am sick of the husks and dregs,  
The fawning farce of men,  
The whoring lust of the folk I trust,  
And the dry aims in their den.

I loved at first the passioned strife,  
The rending fight for light,  
But frenzied gain for the sin of Cain  
I could not sanction quite.

I've learned to hate the vain conceit,  
The flashy rush for place,  
The wanton tares, earth's sordid snares  
And the blight on hungered face.

I go to thee from earth's grim trail,  
Claim of thee, heart of the wild;  
I heard thy call when my hope did pall,  
For I am but Nature's child.

## LURE OF THE PRAIRIE

O, come to me, Heart of the prairie!  
Pronounce in my ear that I may be free;  
Hum me the tales of the deviate trails;  
Sweet Heart of the vastness! to live on in thee!

I see in my dreams the low wallowed sloughs,  
The moon-shaded coulees gemmed in their dews,  
The wolf-willow lush, the gray dawn, the crush,  
Wild thorny roses, the crocus all blues.

Uncleared of its withes the soil smacks the sky,  
The trail-ends are droning in lullaby;  
There on the plain draws the smoke of a train,  
The old age is gaping, girth-strings awry.

And then do I see a vision more wide—  
The grain scintillating like a full tide;  
The homes mid the green in gladdening sheen,  
I know then Progress approaches his bride.

Still, come to me, Heart of the prairie!  
Pronounce in my ear that I may be free;  
Hum me the tales of the deviate trails;  
Sweet Heart of the freshness, to live on in thee!

## A SONG OF STEEL

Halifax saw me Westward melt;  
'Empire bold, I am thy belt;  
The long trail-ends I braid and bind,  
I fly, Vancouver to my kind.

My minions comb the ocean's crest,  
They writhe along and do their best;  
That I in stages post by post  
Might bear me trade from coast to coast.

Winnipeg in her infancy,  
Bold Edmonton and Calgary—  
Regina? Sure! and Saskatoon,  
Seed of my joy in honeymoon!

Then Moose Jaw of my iron flail,  
With Brandon and Prince Albert; Hail!  
Ah, Weyburn, welcome! I pass by;  
Who nurtures cities, proves the fry.

And though I am betokened chaste  
I boom such things in healthy haste;  
And though I breast productive modes  
My retinues uphold my codes.



## A SONG OF STEEL

I am earth's potentate today;  
Throngs retract to my right-of-way;  
Glad they are of my modest writ  
Where I with trophied recruits, sit.

With frugal vesture I perspire,  
Even the millionaire I, sire;  
And though I boast an Empire's hoard,  
Earth's brainiest sit at my board.

I rip earth's spine to make circuit;  
My navvies carve; my wits recruit;  
My legions mock at altitude  
And sledge me on in ambitude.

I race the eagle to the sky,  
I pause to peep, his nest is nigh;  
I rush the giddy, rocking brim,  
Embrace the ledge and screech at him.

A silhouette in starred moonshine,  
I hang o'er guttered wilds of pine;  
Approving of my mountain bed  
I clasp the verdant glades ahead.

## A SONG-OF STEEL

With the chill avalanche I chum,  
The glacier veers that I may come;  
I lift the latch at the abyss  
To flag the sylph the doting kiss.

I mine the ground where building's tough;  
I tunnel through and that's enough;  
I bore beneath where none may bridge;  
My gaping eyelets vent the ridge.

I woo the corresponsive mile;  
Each chained post is a mark utile;  
The wheat-belt I corral and hold,  
The rich cache all is mine; behold.

Eventually I penetrate  
Each loyal nook with grade elate;  
The scrip of farmland, forest, mine,  
These do I wreath in rare intwine.

Whither by leagues of scrub I stray  
My stall-fed steeds strike manfully;  
Afar from habitation's craft  
In mirrored pond the lean shades waft.

## A SONG OF STEEL

I draw, I glide, I claw, I wrest,  
Never in bootless paths unblest—  
Ever to call's urgent desire  
Ever the thrifty span of hire.

Unbound I stretch from West to East  
And each day's life is a wholesome feast;  
And though I wear a Nation's crest,  
I'm a youngster yet out for conquest.

Stronger I am from each exploit,  
Sinewy with a skill adroit;  
How I vaunt as I steam and wheel,  
Loud in my song, my song of steel!

## A MUSE OF THE GRAIN FIELDS

I stand on the whim of ages,  
Years cool beneath my feet;  
Away stretch the fields like pages—  
The fields of the golden wheat.

'Tis strange how they gleam and quiver,  
The brown, golden and green,  
As the wind's remotest shiver  
Changes each moment the sheen.

And the swelling plants all quicken,  
In life to the grasping roots;  
And the whole fields toil and thicken,  
To breed the mulch-seeking shoots.

Here rest the homes of a people,  
The people that live on the plains;  
They serve out their hopeful existence  
In the fairest of happy domains.

The yearly spoils are before us  
The flood gates of harvest let drop;  
That sweet lull of peace comes o'er us  
In taking of this season's drop.

Still, I stand on the whim of ages,  
Charm holds me bound to the spot;  
And I sigh, yes, I sigh as the pages  
Unroll, and time is forgot.

## HOMESTEADING

Homesteading on the prairie,  
Trying the gamester's luck,  
The ragged life of the service  
Filleth the back-bone with pluck;  
Days of a militant purpose  
Grimly wrestled I deem;  
Nights of languishing waiting,  
Vigilance, penance and dream.

Picking up coal on the Railway—  
(The Company did not mind)  
Toting it off in a barrow,  
Joying o'er each lumpy find;  
Breaking out guards for the owners,  
Taking the cull ties for pay;  
Anything for employment,  
Burning the months away.

Ploughing sods from a dry slough,  
Banking my flimsy shack—  
Clear to the roof I laid them  
Tier upon tier and pack;  
Drudging me forth to the village,  
Haunting the office stairs,  
Guessing the tardy letters  
The flagging postman bears.

## HOMESTEADING

Long I remember a winter  
Blizzard, frost-pierced, obscure,  
Burning straw for a fire,  
Life was so hard to endure;  
Doing my six months' service,  
Winning my covered bet,  
Singing my cheery slogan  
Clear to the last day set.

Days of a diligent purpose,  
Towering vastitude, might—  
Here was my august fortress—  
I was a border knight,  
Stoning the Country's basement,  
Squaring an Empire's bin,  
Bricking them down with an effort,  
Forging the last bolt in.

Stolen years have their ransoms,  
Checkered time has a task;  
Many an airy bubble

Films our lives as a mask;  
Still does a fathomless something  
Pencil my wandering trail—

A homely shack on the prairie  
Chuckful of lush, ripe and hale—

SO LONG! OLD BROWN SHACK ON THE HOMESTEAD—  
LASHIONS OF HOPR, FOND AND FRAIL!

## THE PRAIRIE FIRE

Panting o'er the bronzy prairie  
Comes a rasping, crackling tone  
As the shriek of fire! fire!  
Warns us of the danger zone;  
Licking up the sizzled grasses  
Blares a million tongues of flame,  
With a million shoots and passes—  
Frenzied, writhing, swiftly game!

Racing o'er the slaggy ridges,  
Licking up the acrid sward,  
Kicking out in grappled places,  
Jumping every fire-guard;  
So it swoops upon its quarry  
Seeking freshly garnered meat,  
The rich stooks across the stubble—  
Laden stooks of oats and wheat.

Here a granary, there a dwelling  
Right within its fumid path;  
Who may stay or thwart the demon?  
All must feed its howling wrath;  
Fanned and fed to further fury  
So it creeps across the plain,  
Then it leaps upon its victims  
In a livid thrust of pain.

## THE PRAIRIE FIRE

How the prairie chickens whirring  
Speed away while yet 'tis time;  
Here a rabbit, there a coyote  
And a fox in pantomime;  
From the common terror fleeing  
All race travails are eschewn;  
From the fangs of tribal custom  
The small life are now immune.

It will never stop when gluttoned,  
All its being raves for more;  
It's a prostitute, a vixen,  
A grim phantom evermore;  
It's the prairies' baneful bogey,  
'Tis the hoodoo of the trail;  
When you note it's skinny talons  
Do not cavil, but assail!

'Tis no time to quib or parry  
Nor to question or resist;  
There's a rulling of the country  
And its usage is assist;  
To the rancher and the farmer  
To the hired man, the clerk,  
Do your duty in a hurry,  
Boldness call you, do not shrink!

Do not counsel why or wherefor,  
Do not for permission prate;  
Maybe through procrastination  
You will dally on too late;  
Even while we speak, the gourmand  
Snatches at its tender prey,  
And in kindled consternation  
Strikes down, feasts, and then away!



## THE PRAIRIE FIRE

Like a bronco bucking, striking  
Diving, twisting in a fright,  
Does the wind in gusts and flurries  
Hurl the flames upon the night!  
Unimpaired, still gluttonizing,  
Indeterminate they join,  
And in callous fascination  
Worry, harry and purloin.

How we plan to quench its thralldom,  
How we hate its impish leer!  
How we loathe its wanton raucor—  
The West's sordid privateer!  
Not a qualm of tender conscience,  
Truthful penitence demure;  
It's a parasite, a jingo,  
Braggart, tainted epicure!

Then we hang upon the outskirts,  
A hot crowd of panting folk,  
Beating out the flamy felons,  
Guarding, foiling stroke by stroke;  
How we fight begrimed and dirty  
Each a soggy gunny-sack—  
Save the pastures of the valleys,  
Meadowed hay in coil and stack.

Cautious in the direst moments,  
Back-fire the bordered grass,  
Guiding where the fuel is thinnest,  
Forcing to some futile pass;  
Then it breaks away in dudgeon  
Fleeing on before the wind,  
As we slack our unique struggles  
Enveloped in smoke behind.

## THE PRAIRIE FIRE

Midnight smothers on the prairie  
And the ground is weirdly black,  
Here the remnants of a granary,  
There the charrings of a shack;  
Miles away the sky is hoary  
With the pillaged, lurid smoke,  
In a thick sulphurous blanket,  
Tumid, leering ere it broke.

Swung above the murky billows  
Shoot the nuggets of the dark,  
And their rare illuminations  
Wink and stage each flamed landmark;  
Genius of the evening glimmers  
Settles low the rumpled moon,  
And phenomenally emblazoned  
Trails earth's periscope in tune.

In the shank of gulping morning  
Comes a plashy, gusty rain  
Freshly o'er the parched country  
And the grass oozes again;  
Then we count the fire losses,  
Sympathetical; condole,  
Glad to see that on the homesteads  
Much was saved, though not the whole.

## TO THE LEADER OF THE WILD GEESE

Bold old leader of the flocks

What may be your little yarn?

By what lakelet, marsh or slough,

Lonesome muskeg, reedy tarn,

Did you spring to leadership,

Of your wingy, agile flock?

Did you win in social spree

Or a combat's feathery shock?

Did there some old grizzled bird

Far from any human haunt

Vex and cross you with his hate?

Challenge you with sprightly taunt?

Then with hissing repartee

Did you butt him to the jar,

And with all your bird-like speed,

Fight it out on some sand-bar?

Thus you won the championship

Marked with many a tufted welt;

Won the colony in the deal;

There was no inscribed belt,

## TO THE LEADER OF THE WILD GEESE

Neither was there costly store,  
Nor a jewel-studded crown,  
Purple raiment or apparel—  
Just your robe of feathered down.

What advantage may you gain?  
What may be your fine reward  
For the lonely tryst you keep?  
For the homely trust you guard?  
Do you feel your feathers glow,  
Does your being fluff in pride?  
Will you close your bachelor days,  
Take some shy, elusive bride?

Where inland the nestlings learn  
All the witchcraft of the wise  
Where the mating flocks all breed  
Where the southern play-grounds rise;  
How to plan the pilgrimage  
By the new moon and the sun!  
Fix the lay of lake and stream  
Ere the journey has begun.

You have got a zealous charge  
You must champion the while,  
Weary miles of ambushade,  
One wide continent hostile;

## TO THE LEADER OF THE WILD GEESE.

You must keep your title good,  
Keep your squadrons sentry-spanned;  
Patrol well with careful eye,  
Vouch each passage through the land.

Sudden from some feeding place  
With a grisly, ghastly roar,  
Lashes out a fusilade,  
Cuts your flock all sere and hoar!  
'Tis a tragedy of fate,  
Just a picture of the wild;  
Far away your haunting honk  
On the skyline is profiled!

## THE BLIZZARD AND AFTER

Imaged is the prairie prosy  
Dotted with its countless shacks;  
And the winter's day is cosy;  
Scarce a jot the vision lacks;  
How illustrious! how enchanting!  
And I feel my life-blood rise;  
For I love the frosty ranting  
With the sun-dogs in the skies.

Soon the sky draws light and foaming  
Paling with a frosty rant,  
Till it seems one muddled gloaming,  
One capricious rift and pant;  
Fluffs of snow start drifting, sifting,  
Softly first, then hammer blows,  
Throbbing higher, fencing, lifting,  
In an avalanche of snows.

Now the northland roused to raging  
Shrieks aloud in vim to flay,  
In the atmospheric staging  
Brushes off the perfect day—  
First with buffeted stray flurries  
Warning all, and then the streak,  
All the lep'rous bolts he hurries,  
Bellows down with awful shriek.

## THE BLIZZARD AND AFTER

Searching out the battered places,  
Hurtling, lashing in his might,  
Rushing in bombastic races,  
Screening out the wholesome light;  
Then the land of the prairie  
Raves a wilderness of snows;  
The brave land triumphant, airy,  
Writhes within stupendous throes.

Most chaotic are the ranges  
In a mad whirlwind of piles,  
As the shuffling, jostling changes  
Drizzle out the weary miles;  
Not a landmark, not a dwelling  
In the drear convulsive waste;  
How the wind keeps groaning, knelling,  
And the snow adheres like paste!

How the fickle, fleecy hazes,  
Tangle on in freakish whim!  
And the crunching, angry mazes  
Thresh and flounder to the brim!  
Just a horrid, stifling vortex;  
Just a piracy of gloom!  
Just an intricate context  
Spun from a distorted loom!

How profound between each ringing  
Horror stalks—and snow, hail, ice,  
Cutting, keen and deathly stinging,  
And they throttle like a vice;  
Agitated the fanatic  
Swoops with sudden thrust to dare,  
So persistent, so erratic,  
Caviled, pregnant with a snare.

## THE BLIZZARD AND AFTER

Do not latch your window shutter,  
Do not shade your flimsy light;  
Maybe out amongst the splutter  
Limps some victim of the night;  
Pile the dwindling embers higher,  
Let the kettle's simmer stay;  
Chance the glimmer of your fire  
Succors some lone castaway.

Neither woo the brooding lullings,  
Pass not out to try the trail;  
There are more begotten cullings  
As deceptive with travail;  
Betrayal and deadly swagger  
Subtle infamy there lies;  
There is combat, treason, stagger—  
Flee, a gambling with the skies.

Comes a morning clear and cheery,  
Cold across Saskatchewan plains;  
With a feeling queer and cery  
Look I forth to vast domains;  
A weird mirage, pillared, gleaming,  
Flames outlined against the West,  
Raw, fantastic, seeming, dreaming,  
Midst the scenes I love the best.

Distance is a whim in passing;  
There's Arm Valley pencilled high;  
Shacks are springing, growing, massing;  
Long Lake hangs so strangely high;  
With the chiselled skyline blending  
Are a myriad hoofs unstrung—  
The wild broncs, who southward trending  
Are from homing pastures flung.



## THE BLIZZARD AND AFTER

Almost typic, how ascendent  
Is depicted the Qu'Appelle!  
Sentinelled her banks resplendent  
Trace the fabric of the spell;  
Pinions of the morn's acuteness  
Scintillize in giddy gleam;  
And the whimsical minuteness  
Puzzles like a cadent dream.

Is this earth's seraphic phasm  
That could photograph such form?  
Exorcism or phantasm,  
Some rare handiwork of storm?  
Diapered but drowsy, dreamy,  
Is the colony in air;  
And its colors flamy, beamy  
Change like cruising, swift corsair.

Then a city, visioned, sparkling,  
Pearly, iced in cold;  
With its streaming splendor darkling  
Gives a touch of hammered gold;  
Then it changes, fades, defying,  
In the beams of level sun;  
And I turn away half sighing  
To another task begun.

From a mound so white and hoary  
Flutters out a bit of rag;  
Lo! it proves another story  
Of the blizzard's bitter drag;  
Just a lone homsteader jumbled  
Packing grub from out the store,  
And he missed the trail and stumbled,  
Missed his own familiar door!

## THE BLIZZARD AND AFTER

How perplexed the muffled madness!  
Not a voice to anguished cry!  
Not an answered shout in gladness  
To checkmate the gloating sky!  
Demoniac the illusion!  
Lethargic is his tread!  
And his senses in obtusion  
Do not scent the stalking dread!

So he wanders freezing, chilling,  
With the storm upon his back,  
And the blinding chaos milling  
Drives him far from trail or shack;  
Long he wrestles sore and tired,  
Then he staggers down to sleep—  
Christ! his veins seem pricked and fired—  
Ah! he sleeps so stiffly deep.

Sleep, no morn shall e'er awaken—  
Sleep, without one faint respite—  
Sleep, too sound to e'er be shaken,  
From the ghastly, icy pyre!  
Then the flurries go on weaving  
His still form in a cocoon;  
And the ghostly flakes achieving  
Howl to phantom rigadoon.

Life for him no more is weary,  
It has lost its taxing drag;  
Surely now, vivacious, cheery,  
Burnished from the slavish slag;  
Bear him sadly, bear him slowly,  
Ah! so mutely quenched and stark—  
So subdued, so quelled and lowly—  
Frozen stiff without a mark.

## THE BLIZZARD AND AFTER

In the tragedy we're giving  
We peruse his pensive tale;  
Other scenes for him were living  
When we scan his foreign mail;  
For we had adjudged him wary  
Of recital of the past;  
Here it is in words statary,  
All more simple by contrast.

'Tis a freshly claimed epistle  
And it bears a British stamp;  
And at first I needs must whistle,  
As I read it by the lamp;  
Some frail words of mindful comfort,  
Lightsome chaff, then, merry drawl,  
Counsel, caution of deport,  
Written in a gentle scrawl.

Confidential thoughts enthusing  
Outlines of HER coming trip;  
Asks about the route confusing,  
Of the passage and the ship;  
Warns him to be sure and tarry  
Day and date in Saskatoon  
With the 'LICENSE' for to marry,  
And the nuptial ties eftsoon.

Said, "I hope the shack is fitting  
For my coming in the Spring,"  
Pouts but slyly, teasing, twitting  
Of her sparkling, pearly ring;  
Tells him, "Do be ever mindful  
How you keep yourself from harm,"  
Asks him, "Do be brave and cheerful,  
Till I join you on the farm."

## THE 'BLIZZARD AND AFTER

Hinting of another rival—

This is but a heedless lark,  
A mute frolicsome revival,  
Just a common-place remark;  
Yet how near the truth she twitters;  
Death's grim factor comes between;  
And his mocking stab imbitters  
Glowing hopes that might have been.

Here the chatter trails in closing  
To a fervor coy and droll;  
And I grip at life's hard posing  
As I put away the scroll;  
Then the photo of a damsel  
(Draped with clumsy fashioned care,  
In a clustered twist of tinsel)  
Hangs—such ropes of elflocked hair.

Eyes that haunt you, blue, suborning,  
Etched from Albion's girdling sea;  
Lips the rival of the morning,  
Bust, were ever such to see!  
Now I know why Albion mothers  
Suckle such bold prairie sons;  
How the red blood seethes and smothers  
When it through such amours runs!

List! a moon-struck coyote sputters  
In a ghoulish dirge forlorn;  
And his acute wailing flutters  
In a bitterness inborn;  
Soon a sudden bang and jingle  
Takes us jumping to the floor;  
'Tis a Mountie, nerves atingle  
From a cold ride at the door.

## THE BLIZZARD AND AFTER

Needs must fill the last oblation,  
Prove how death had entered in,  
If by fault of man's creation,  
Or mischance's origin;  
Then about the fatal glaring  
In the Western homestead shack  
We keep watch, the vigil sharing  
Till the morning hungers back.

There will be no simple pledging  
Day and date in Saskatoon;  
Now I know the blizzard's sledging  
Bears a ready pall and shoon;  
As we turn his effects over  
To the Mountie to safeguard,  
Whisper sadly, "One more rover;"  
Yes! he had our great regard.

Spring has granted her oblation,  
Neighbor hands must till the soil;  
And the prairie's fascination  
Is alive with rugged toil;  
Some one meekly, some one ever  
Long will wear the token gave—  
Sad! Atlantic does them sever,  
And a freshly clodded grave.

Still I love the prairie prosy  
Dotted with its homestead shacks  
When the winter day is cosy,  
And the range no vision lacks,  
But I understand her motives  
As perhaps she gauges me;  
All her thrills, her moods, her motives  
These are mine; so let it be.

## BALLAD OF BOW RIVER CROSSING

This is a tale of eighty-five  
Ragged red-skins on the stern drive,  
Booted, bludgeoned, thrust away back,  
Vim knocked out for making attack.

Battleford was then on the map,  
Known to fame as the final scrap,  
'Twas rueful work wormed in the dirt,  
Playing hop to a bullet's squirt.

Hurie, the trusted sleuth-like scout,  
Lassoed bold Riel no one may doubt;  
The Mounted Police in their role  
Kept him in guard, nor dared parole.

The plains were new and wildly queer,  
No fit place to show nerves or fear;  
Life at most was a trifle raw,  
Freshly clutched from the rebel's maw.

These were the times of hurry and speed,  
Sorry redskins on the stampede,  
Hiding their guns, hatches and knives,  
Seeking hope for themselves and wives.

## BALLAD OF BOW RIVER CROSSING

There was distrustful pain distraught  
Until the leading bloods were caught  
And were brought to trial, which was right,  
Inciting riot—a civil fight.

So we hanged Riel; a bitter dope  
Stretching the end of a loose rope,  
Breaking the pride of the proud folk  
Thinking to hack the British yoke.

We lashed the ever pliant chiefs;  
Hoodooed the braves and jailed the thieves;  
Dealing justice with a stern hand—  
Kind withal for such a rough land.

A paltry scattering of whites  
Settled the land now set to rights,  
With more still coming on the track,  
Hardships alone couldst hardly check.

A single ligament of rail  
Spanned the land by a time-worn trail;  
Its rolling stock all pressed to use  
With freight, to carry and diffuse.

The throbbing engine's pant and ring  
Sounded weird where the reds had swing,  
Snorting flame from slits in its head  
Waking a thousand years of dead.

## BALLAD OF BOW RIVER CROSSING

So we sent home the warring troops,  
Grizzled men in their lusty groups;  
Each to his wonted sphere he went,  
Pleased with the life to country lent.

Here and there the police at post  
Stood for the law they guarded most;  
Sleuths of the crime that ever harried,  
Ever the foot of man hath carried,

And thus still rode to gather in  
Some bad breeds for their former sin;  
'Twas, "Saddle and mount and then away  
Get your man in the early day."

Often a scatt'ring fusilade  
From some lone camp delayed the raid;  
Or a shot from some scragged bluff—  
A brush, till parley cried enough.

The fun was real, the danger plain;  
Many that rode were brought in slain;  
Then went forth the fame of the force  
That beggared crime of all resource.

Oh! but the men had many lives,  
Safe returns from a round of drives,  
Knitting the frame a hardy bleach  
Massing the thews while stretching the reach



## BALLAD OF BOW RIVER CROSSING

Kenna, one of the mounted force,  
Rode with the rest—a fact, of course—  
Shared their dangers, their work or fun,  
Hazarded the spit of a gun.

Long as he blazed, the chiselled men  
Who rode circuit and back again,  
From Garry, Westward to the hills—  
Toughened with outpost work and drills.

Here I'm sorry memory clings  
To his frail faults; of all the things,  
He loved his bit of pilfered booze—  
"Scotch" preferred, when he had to choose.

Sergeant Beanpost with a crack squad  
Rode all day on a trail dry-shod,  
Came with the evening to the ford,  
Stopped to camp in a gay accord.

Would cross the Bow in early morn,  
Full of a promise all inborn;  
Hope flies high on a prairie day  
To tighten saddles—then away!

Half a league in the evening's damp  
All jumbled stood the Blackfeet camp;  
Chief Crowfoot through a stalwart scout  
Sent a message, spicy, devout,

## BALLAD OF BOW RIVER CROSSING

Asked for the men to make a call  
One 'heap big time' and room for all;  
A tribal feast in camp tonight—  
We know these things, all right, all right!

Crowfoot, known as a gritty chief,  
Had not fought to his own relief;  
Had loyal, stood with every buck  
Much to his after shown good luck.

Leave of absence was soon obtained,  
Only a guard at camp remained;  
Sweating down in the evening dim,  
Full of hope of the promised vim,

Wrestled our Kenna all alone  
Full of "fire-water" to the bone;  
Some stray coins, a smuggled flask,  
Pleased withal at the imposed task.

Graces and dudgeons of the night,  
May they be banished from the sight—  
Scenes that never may hope return  
While human fibre sully or burn.

As Kenna trudged him back to camp  
What scare's this in the chilly damp,  
So weird, tall, sinister, no sound,  
That drooled at him from spooky mound?

## BALLAD OF BOW RIVER CROSSING

Gimlet-eyed, skinny, grinning there,  
It jostled him with raving stare!  
It whirled with waltzing, teasing swing  
Round in a dizzy, closing ring!

It flopped and fluttered (so it seemed)  
A lep'rous sprite all unredeemed;  
Appeared to him in puzzling pall  
Fully and really ten feet tall!

Around it wormed foul wiggling snakes  
Full of their clammy, writhing quakes;  
They stood on tails with shooting fangs  
Lolling hot from their poisoned tangs.

Their darting eyes like daggers gored,  
Their cunning wiles his being bored;  
They crawled and shivered, then like a rocket  
Each stampeded for his pocket.

Of all the frights he ever met  
Oh! this thing was the vilest yet!  
As with the snakes stretched a skinny hand,  
And then did Kenna lose command!

The great Bow River bellied near—  
He hit for it in a nervous fear;  
He leaped and climbed, he clawed through space  
In this his greatest known footrace.

## BALLAD OF BOW RIVER CROSSING

He to the water took discreet,  
(No decent ghost e'er wets its feet)  
And there he shivered in a punk,  
Unnerved to leave his watery bunk.

They got him in the cooling morn  
Rory-eyed still and quite forlorn,  
Mixed in his dates, wild in his bloke,  
In no mood to endure a joke.

"A nip of the West," the Sergeant said,  
"There is no rising from the dead  
To plague the dupes on the River Bow  
Who swill the slobbering slops of woe.

And then such snakes could hardly breed,  
Where there is scarcely gopher-feed;  
And no such noxious varmints run  
Free beneath an Alberta sun."

He got his trial, no defence,  
A trifling sentence for offence;  
Dismissed the force, there was the stain  
To a bold rider of the plain:

This is no libel on the force,  
Kenna will vouch the facts of course;  
Perhaps still further man to man  
'Twas all within the red-eye can.

## BALLAD OF BOW RIVER CROSSING

Often does Kenna in a roast  
Mention the horror of his ghost;  
But if you want it bare and keen,  
A bit of the yellow faked his spleen.

Often in mumbling words of booze  
Over this drony tale he chews—  
The spook, the snakes, the midnight run,  
And the Bow that smirched his sacred gun.

## MOUNTIE TATE

Now George S. Tate was ordained of fate to woo  
his spurs in the West;  
We called him "kid" and the worst he did was to  
laugh at our odd bequest;  
With eyes a deep blue that skidding came through  
beneath great shocks of hair,  
A heart as mild as a simple child; true comradeship  
sheltered there.

But George S. Tate, I am telling straight, could  
rough it a bit and shoot;  
A Mountie goes in his service clothes well groomed  
to his polished boot;  
He seeks no grip of a slim worship by those that  
revere the nerve;  
He stands for code while on the road, and the law  
is his God to serve.

Could shoot his wad, commit his God in the lip of  
a smuggled flask,  
For life at most, at a flinty post, is rather a shock-  
ing task,  
And a little fun, a harmless run when the soul cries  
for a chum  
Is a trifling fling and a relished swing; affinity is  
mum.

## MOUNTIE TATE

But eyes of blue, tempered and true, are not of the  
craven's lean brand;

Can narrow down with a slitting frown and set  
with a stern demand;

It's, "throw up your dooks and try no flukes," when  
heat swings wild in your head;

It's, "be dashed quick and it's try no tricks and  
yield up your gun instead."

In trailing remote some lewd cut-throat to lay him  
fast by the heel,

Defies all ease and takes off obese and lines the  
thews with tried steel;

It's rush right in though the chance be thin,  
with death on a finger crook;

It's turn not back from the attack and jar up his  
nerves with a look.

And that's the worst, you must be first to witness  
your quarry's fire,

When sick with dope and a bitter hope he vents  
his vapid ire;

The risk is real and it's chance a deal for God,  
country, and name,

And yet that pause with the square-set jaws has  
shaken many an aim.

## MOUNTIE TATE

Still, they are not to be seemed or thought mostly  
Canadian born;

The British Isles know these merry smiles or these  
dreadnought looks of scorn;

And some we brag who have known the flag of  
many an alien shore,

The life the same grew a trifle tame, so they gave  
it's service o'er.

Yes, boys all there from a God-knows-where, all  
seasoned and strongly true;

Some with a past, a sallow cast, a ghost-in-the-  
closet clue;

A to-forget from some fast set, and a wish to begin  
—but pshaw!

They wisely fall to the prairie's call and join the  
sleuths of the law.

'Twas Brimstone Jack in his sod-piled shack had  
beat up his wife a bit,

Defied the law with a boose-hot jaw and swore that  
he would not quit

Or go alive on the little drive that ends in the  
prison pen,

Would buck life's span like a border man, cash in  
on the blood of men.



## MOUNTIE TATE

He had a mark-some life laid stark in the sludge of  
a bum saloon,

Had missed the rope by the slimmest scope, the jail  
by the merest boon;

A rogue inborn with a scoffing scorn and a jeering  
cast of life,

A Fargo maid had by him stayed and so had he  
taken a wife.

Then he took a slant on a homestead grant on our  
Canadian side,

And for a bit he had kept his wit and tried as he  
never tried.

To mop his slate of the dreadful weight of his  
sordid, checkered sins;

In Willow Bunch he had got his hunch and the tale  
anew begins.

So crazy with rum he had made things hum, and  
none may venture near,

A forty-four is a large bore and not to be met with  
a sneer,

When backed by a nerve that will not swerve or  
bow to the will of fate,

Unless at most from the nearest post they hustle  
for George S. Tate.

## MOUNTIE TATE

For be he fool or a tärnal tool, he fears the Mounted  
Police—

The Indian brave or the horse-thief knave or the  
black-leg out to fleece—

That force whose hand will harry and land, though  
hid by a name and worth

Though you break South, though you dally North,  
or hide in a cleft of earth.

You may take to the scrub, there is no grub; they'll  
nab you without fail;

Then jump a freight with an anxious wait; they'll  
get you the end of rail;

You may mount and ride all sallow-eyed, hot, evil  
and battle-jarred;

But the end's a cinch, the bracelet's clinch and a  
Mountie keeps you guard!

The Mounted Police, through festive peace, are full  
of a tiny war,

Their tunics speak on every bleak from the 'Reg' as  
she points afar;

They're in with speed on a fool stampede, they  
pilot the throbbing hives;

If a cat has nine, then ten and nine a Mounted  
Police has lives!

## MOUNTIE TATE

When the "Kid" got there on the affair, had Jack  
like an outlaw flown;

"Kid" took his trail without the least quail, and he  
followed it alone;

He simply said, "I may crimp his head, I may bring  
him back alive,

Or for coyote treat there'll be some meat; the nervi-  
est will survive."

Like a wolf's jowl his canine scowl, as Jack bent to  
a wild escape;

He looked about with a covert doubt, ahead with  
a rigid gape;

Not a homestead shack to feed his lack, he lathered  
him on alone;

Far in his rear, in his fighting gear came Tate on  
his wall-eyed roan.

He played bo-peep while his glass did sweep ridge,  
toulee and scrub and plain—

To make a slip or to make a trip might make his  
journey in vain—

He timed advance for to take no chance to give Jack  
the nutty drop;

He lay him low with a slight so-so, for even the  
hunted stop.

## MOUNTIE TATE

He trailed him through by wallowing slough, and  
the day was dark and cool,  
No mud had dried on the bleak wayside but riled  
was each petty pool;  
He followed gruff by poplar bluff and the way was  
bleached and sere,  
Yet on his face no care did trace though he sensed  
his quarry near.

A light did gleam on the sluggish stream where the  
outlaw had made camp;  
The other spied in the dark outside, in the even-  
ing's fleeing damp;  
He watched awhile, with a dour smile, and he  
found where Brimstone lay,  
With a wicked stare; his guns showed bare as only  
the hunted may.

Then out stepped George, and his voice did scourge  
so menacing cool and raw,  
With, "yield up, Jack, and come on back; submit  
to the will of the law!"  
But Jack just jumped and the cold lead pumped, as  
he kicked out, breaking free;

But George not a saint had made a feint and clinch-  
ed in a mixed melee.

## MOUNTIE TATE

On the force they know, and I trow it's so, a  
man's more trouble dead;

It's get him alive, e'en to survive, there's a spare  
rope-end ahead;

In the jury-room there'll be a broom; his life will  
they show unbarred,

Then some fine day not far away will he stroll in  
the prison yard.

---

Or breaking stone with a grilling bone and a hope  
that's dead as punk;

'Tis manhood jars at prison bars; it's no wonder  
the beggars flunk;

It's the brute that sears in prison gears and slaves  
in the zebra stripes;

There is a soul beyond control and it strives in the  
worst of types.

A College Eleven, captained and driven, teach well  
the tackling game;

Regimental bouts with the clean knock-outs will  
ripen the seasoned frame;

So the Kid just pitched and he humped and hitched  
in a sort of soft surprise,

---

And Brimstone Jack was hurled way back and he  
dreamed that his soul did rise.

## MOUNTIE TATE

That nifty stroke upon the bloke was the nearest  
he got to grace,

He heaved awake with a gnawing ache; the dust in  
his scowling face

He groaned a bit and he cursed a bit then begged  
in an artful guise,

But George, reserved in speech, unswerved, smok-  
ed, dozed till the sun did rise.

George helped him on in the early dawn, and he  
rode with him to town,

Ignored the chaff with a careless laugh and took  
his prisoner down,

Who will get his dues minus the booze, according  
to British law;

And George S. Tate, I am telling straight, is a  
trump—not a yellow crow.

## LEGEND OF THE ALBINO MOOSE

I heard a tale of the sere trail, I judged its writing  
worth

Told of the shy albino moose now cherished in  
the north—

That land of lure and spirits sure whose retinues  
await,

Entice within their coverts thin, lone maidens to  
their fate.

The seasons run from sun to sun, then flood in  
fields of snow;

The northland glares in giddy flares then lets the  
blizzards go;

Chaotic, dire, red and sapphire, glistened the icy  
call;

'Tis said a maid who boldly strayed was crushed  
within its pall.

In dazzling sheen the woodlands screen; the frost  
like diamonds shone

On rock and leaf, a jewelled thief in vastitude  
alone;

It snapped a twang, a mellow tang; the velvet  
robed the bark,

The glammered gold was traced and rolled, fit  
carpet for a park.

## LEGEND OF THE ALBINO MOOSE

From wigwam's lint through wintry glint forth  
went a maid one day,  
The ghostly, frosty, shadowy spy leered as she  
went her way;  
The storm did flush designing hush, winging her  
trail to wrong;  
To take a tithe from one so blithe it gnashed con-  
vulsed and long.

For royal belt with ermined pelt, with beaded  
stitch and hook  
In rarest hues, graced her sinews; the ambushed  
trail she took;  
Her flitting feet were light and fleet; she went a  
fawn-like bound;  
Save where the track sent records back as yet was  
scarce a sound.

The staid spruce roared, they twanged and soared,  
the balsams harped dim-eyed,  
The pines' great glee was a thing to see, they ogled  
far and wide;  
And still the mist all strumpet-kissed, haggard and  
wanton-lipped,  
Came with a shroud all striped and browed; the  
storm king's leash it slipped.



## LEGEND OF THE ALBINO MOOSE

Then demons shot from no known spot, not  
earthen or of air,

And some they sprang with swirling bang, yet  
were not here nor there;

While others sped with ghostly tread, then peeked  
with fires that gored;

Then earth did fear—despotic fear—the raid of this  
mad horde.

The snaky snow, a writhing glow, wormed sheer in  
frenzied piles,

The silky coils, the flared turmoils, spouted the  
faulty miles;

The plainest trail in broiled travail lost to north's  
catapult,

Till each landmark now blurred and stark bent to  
the fierce assault.

In milky dun floundered the sun; the vastness  
groaned aghast,

And every blow she stamped in snow was smothered  
as she passed;

The very mood of the deep wood howled with the  
dreadful thing;

The surging thrill for lust stood still, so lithe was  
her mild swing.

## LEGEND OF THE ALBINO MOOSE

Long on the waste she skipped with haste, still  
chaste in mind and limb,

The crafty snares the north's back-stairs she tripped,  
a seraphim;

From whipped vortex, the storm's apex, she issued  
like a sprite,

And each fond elf with scarf and pelf screened  
her confused of night.

The trails erased, all pudding-faced, the storm like  
moon-wolves howled,

Its very breath connived with death where earth  
was disembowell'd;

But virgin's blood having withstood the shrapnel  
of the mire,

Will pulse life's beat, though gnash and heat of  
all lust may conspire.

She wandered on, she bounded on and never left a  
mark,

The great lone woods enveloped her and it grew  
dark and dark;

With soughing reed in oafish greed the cryptic  
surf-clouds close,

But stoic hope with nap and mope waltzed company  
in the snows.

## LEGEND OF THE ALBINO MOOSE

Then at her side the mystery shied in phantoms  
of despair,

And sprites still spread their sacred thread to guard  
the maiden fair;

She hurried on, there came no dawn, she grew  
more elf-like fond,

Till none might see which whirl was she as she  
was whisked beyond.

Stray figures bowed, weird marvels cowed, still it  
grew dark and dark,

And on each flank the snow-wraiths shrank within  
a wondrous park;

She wandered on, she wandered on and grew more  
light and fair,

Till even light no more could blight, so near she  
was to air.

The lashed days passed all hulled and massed and  
never back came she;

The snow-wreaths reigned all etched and stained  
on shrub and rock and tree;

And yet no sign, no word supine, no token frail  
she gave,

If in life tossed or death engrossed or bound a  
spirit slave.

## LEGEND OF THE ALBINO MOOSE

The scragged hills with many rills stood out a  
tinted blue,

The frozen palls from water-falls were like a  
meshing glue,

And hung in sheen o'er the ditched ravine whither  
the blizzard fled,

And yet no where was form so fair, nor could be  
claimed the dead.

For human form has willed the worm to change  
her carnal guise;

(Who has the mode, who has the code in spirit-  
lands franchise)

And wander free in revelry, whatever form or ruse,  
In wet or dry, storm or clear sky, to have, or own,  
or use.

After the blow in miraged glow, forth went the  
braves in search,

Through teasing quag with weary drag they claw-  
ed the shrouded birch;

With fallow swing and nervous spring they probed  
each secret lair—

Till in a grove of densest wove—when lo! the trail  
ends there.

## LEGEND OF THE ALBINO MOOSE

With freedom loose out sprang a moose, and each  
gasped in amaze!

Its form was fair and light as air marked in albino  
blaze;

Then each one knew there lurked so true the spirit  
of the maid,

So fair and frail who dared the trail and bluffed  
the winter's raid.

---

By many paths, by many straths tremble her  
snow-white fawns;

God's favored wards he surely guards until the  
fleecy dawns;

By paths untrod except by God they trample in  
the hush,

And never yield in hunting-field a spoil to carve  
or crush.

No one may loot, no brave may shoot or harm a  
sacred hair;

Death's dreadful pangs about him hangs who hunts  
—a foul corsair;

In ambushed need and glut and greed her pathway  
has respite;

No hunter's grin may claim the skin, both beast  
and human sprite.

## THE MAN WHO LOST OUT

I've paid a share in a business and a burnished  
office space

With the desks, the chairs, the typists and the  
telephones in place;

I've grilled my thews to its building and I've nag-  
ged my life to save,

From many acres of wheat ONE HARD to usury I  
gave.

Now, none of the big guys know me, no patch on  
their togs demeans,

With me in my smock and jumpers, in my soiled  
and ragged jeans;

We're not on special speaking terms, and we don't  
chum hand in hand;

They seem a trifle shy of me since they screwed  
me off my land.

Yet all I've made is in that Block from the brass  
upon the doors,

To the polished walls and the glitter, the vault  
beneath the floors;

All that I've owned and saved for, all that the  
long years have pooled

They've had it safely gathered there since the day  
that I was fooled.

## THE MAN WHO LOST OUT

I once had a rugged homestead; was happy, diligent, proud,

Though new to the pregnant country, life in my veins twinged and soughed;

So when I was shown by an agent to buy at his advice,

A sample of every product was dumped on me in a trice.

Yes! loaded me with machinery flashily new and big,

And when they found I was easy, they sold me a threshing-rig;

With gusto and idle banter they drank me deep in good health,

And then in their maudlin language I waltzed on the trail to wealth.

The contracts were of their wording, they talked me into the same,

(Leastwise the salesman did it, he is out for coin in the game);

They put on the date and payments, the penalty of default,

My farm they took as collateral and hid the deeds in a vault.

## THE MAN WHO LOST OUT

The price was too big at the starting, I found this  
out to my shame,  
The interest, compounded, bled me, the dinners  
blackened my name;  
I paid on the frightful contract, but then the ex-  
penses took,  
All the cash that I gave them ere they thrust me  
on the hook.

This farming's not all we think it contending with  
drouth and frost,  
And the weather plans uncertain and the safe rules  
all criss-crossed;  
Thus, when I fell out on the payments and only  
offered part,  
The yearly interest took all that and left me worse  
than the start.

The staff I kept up was a corker, the blockman on  
the fly,  
And all of those special agents and collectors buz-  
zing by—  
(That is, the Company sent them but I and my  
neighbors paid  
All of their princely wages from the crops that we  
grew and made).



## THE MAN WHO LOST OUT

And then all those lawyer fellows, wizardy, quiz-  
zical, nice,

Breathing their trusty stories, (but serving me  
cheap, loaded dice)

They too got their fat pickings; with unctuous  
chambers to keep—

Rare exponents of justice in bleeding the goats  
with the sheep.

I'm down and out of possessions, my name a by  
word for scorn,

And I and my smock and jumpers, baggy and  
sloppy and torn,

My wife so shabby and faded, my kiddies pinched  
for plain needs—

Then I turn my eyes to yon office, its riotous traf-  
fic, its greeds.

You're a great big fancy office, built on the scalp  
of toil,

On the heartless sack of homesteads, the rape of  
the ravished soil;

You've wrung out the bottom dollar, you've probed  
to the naked core

That the brass might be more fangled, more tro-  
phied the frosted door.

## THE MAN WHO LOST OUT

Still, that office looks so cosy, the typists so willowly, neat,

And I that made contributions, a-foot in the dreary street;

I didn't get it quite figured, all those processes of law,

Until the day of the auction—the sheriff—dreaming I saw.

You're great big fancy fellows but I guess I don't fit in,

I'm off to the cross-roads and ditches with gnarled hands and tough skin;

Then ride in your splendid autos, embezzle your flagrant loot,

Then blackball the ridden farmer, and press his neck with your boot.

Haste! send out the testy sheriff, distrain on the farmer's stuff;

The spoils of Cain are your portion, go filch them till you've enough;

But remember the workman sees you, note that the farmer knows

The scathing, skilful Shylocks in the pay of his brazen foes.

## THE STORY OF THE GARDEN

As Recited to the H. B. Trader

He was but an uncouth trapper, and his tale a  
rambling one,

As he dropped his precious pack upon the floor;  
For many leagues he'd pushed his face against the  
icy sun;

And now his journey and his strife is o'er.

When pressed about adventures, "I have seen an  
awesome sight,

The Garden of the History of man;

And the Chronicle of Genesis, I vouch is nearly  
right,

And the Garden's much as the tradition ran."

When chaffed about "bad memory" and his brand  
of foggy booze,

He flared up angry like, then meekly stern;

"The Garden? I have seen it, it was mine to win,  
then lose;

I have camped amidst its juggling, surgy fern.

## THE STORY OF THE GARDEN

"Somewhere in musty regions where no foot hath  
trod save mine,

Is a land harmonious and fair;  
And no tempest ever buffets a needle of the pine,  
But each handiwork of wisdom is there.

"Unadulterated, still the Garden bears its fruit,  
All its perfume, the honey and rare wine;  
And there's music in the shadows, tingling accent  
of lute,  
Where fern hath mellow strumming more  
divine.

"I was beating, northward driving, wrestling with  
a hard pack,  
For haunts and trails of elk, the moose and  
bear,  
To lands where mink and otter sport across the  
rugged track,  
And the black fox (prince of all furs) doth fare.

"Northward of the Great Slave waters I had watch-  
ed the ditch-faced moon  
Sheer low above the mottled soughing earth;  
And the eerie, agile glimmers of the plashy whim  
of loon—  
Banditti freaks of vastitude and dearth.

## THE STORY OF THE GARDEN

"I'd camped beside a river at the close of one cold day,

And wearily I'd made my camp ablaze;  
So I'd slumbered in my blankets till my weakness  
passed away—

•Thus I awoke in witchery's deft amaze.

"About was moss most gorgeous in its most astounding fen,

Life abounded in august, festal brake;  
And a soft chinook most pleasing purred across  
the lazy glen,  
And in the lavishness I felt me quake.

"I poled in yawning streamlets where the willing  
fishes fought

For privilege of being first to bite;  
I hunted in the forests where the mild-eyed jumpers  
sought

The gun's range with a rashness shorn of  
fright.

"I trapped in magic circles where the richest prizes  
fell

To the fierce betraying power of lust;  
I trapped, I hunted, feasted in woods of the simple  
spell—

No restriction on the trading of trust.

## THE STORY OF THE GARDEN

"Flowers grew in trembling sweetness and o'er-  
hung in hazy sheen

Every water-course and lakelet in the land;  
And no feudal orchard fruitful could compare with  
it, I ween,

And I tramped in great elation on the strand.

"Choral birds in gaudy plumage cooed in lodges  
of delight,

Or sought my hand as one they long had  
known;

Not a mark of foul despoiler made rude the witch-  
ing night

In groves where all the mating flocks had  
flown.

"Never knew I fear nor langor, all was long en-  
chanted dreams,

I looked, I saw, I wandered forth at will;  
And my tepee seemed a stronghold moated by a  
thousand streams

And I, proud lord, but pleasure to fulfill.

"One morning forth I revelled as the colors sought  
the sky,

And heard new sounds unlike the drones of  
earth;

'Twas like the fancy strumming of a stringed band  
playing nigh,

Convulsed with air waves in a skyey birth.

## THE STORY OF THE GARDEN

"Long sat I musing ere I thought who might the  
songster be,

And then I peeped 'tween hedges of the pine;  
And lo! there sat reproachful, where mine eyes  
could plainly see,

The fairest maid in all this land of vine!

"And to her sensual lips she touched an instrument  
.. of reeds

Through which she breathed the happy sylvan  
note;

And from my shady cover I perceived with sub-  
dued greeds

Pulsate the willowy whiteness of her throat.

"'Twas sight too rare for humans, much too sacred  
for mine eyes;

And yet I could not chide my morbid head;

And I feasted for a moment in the softening sur-  
prise

—As if my soul could never be full fed."

"Wood-nymph or moon-haired fairy!" I exclaimed  
in ardent tone,

"Whither, oh whither dost thou waltz or  
stray?"

But she shook her tresses archly; like the shrub-  
bery wind-blown,

Did the string of yellow roses trail away.

## THE STORY OF THE GARDEN

And her frailsome, silky garments clinging to form  
so fair,

Hung modest as I reeled in abject truce;  
And I wondered if a serpent lurked within a scaly  
lair;

With some delirious prompting to traduce.

"Aught of dwelling, hut or boudoir?" I repeated in  
daze,

But she pointed to the spray-lipped waterfall  
Tipped with changing, seeming substance as the  
rainbow's melting haze,

And a foretaste speeded me in replete thrall.

"Then I would approach her nearer but her tink-  
ling feet had fled,

Far away I heard the half-hilarious song;  
Though I hunted that fair valley with soft mocca-  
soned tread

That shy being I could never cross again.

"But a vagrant blindness caught me in the midst  
of my foul quest

And for many days I howled, a loathsome  
thing;

Then I knew the silky tresses should ne'er glisten  
on my breast,

I should never feel those passioned fingers  
cling.



## THE STORY OF THE GARDEN

"Every winter I am looking for the Garden troph-  
ied there,

It's waiting me, it's calling me up north;  
I hear it in the blizzard's din impendent through  
the air,

I must, I must go forth, go sally forth!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Did not a blizzard breathing all its rhapsodies of  
hate,

Snatch from his cabin all his earthly love—  
a wife?

A northland story tells he hunted like a panther  
for his mate,

But no trace of her was ever found in life.

And his trapping grounds of winter no one ever  
yet has found,

No one with his skill and prowess may com-  
pete;

Strange! a guarding form—a vision haunts his  
quest, his Eden ground,

Tends and fills his needy traps with trail-free  
feet.

**A VAGARY OF FISHING SEASON**  
**or**  
**THE COUNTRY GUY TO THE DUDE**

Eere sun has climbed the scrubby hill  
And vernal warmth steadies the isle,  
If you like fish, then lend your will  
And come along and try your guile;  
Waylay some beauties with your skill,  
Some sumptuous loafers with your wile.

With many tempting wiggling worms  
We have procured the fish a treat;  
And how each toothsome varmint squirms  
Full of a cold, clammy conceit;  
("Lo! such an outing," he affirms  
"Were never planned with such surfeit!")

For fish bite freshest in the morn,  
Here is the landing and the boat;  
So with an angler's touch inborn  
Let's shove our sturdy craft afloat;  
Of every garnishment we're shorn  
To row to fishing grounds remote.

## A VAGARY OF FISHING SEASON

This place will do? - Then anchor now,  
And drop your never-ending line;  
Just cool your over-fervent brow,  
And take care lest your rig entwine;  
Now, that's a bite I surely vow—  
He's gone! but what's the use to whine!

Another comes! you've hooked him too!  
A great black bass in fighting trim!  
Just bend a bit in supple thew  
And play the gameness out of him!  
He's safe! now into it anew,  
And cast afar in waters dim!

Some perth—a pickerel follows fast—  
Some pike (and then a teasing wait);  
Why, sure! this spot is unsurpassed!  
You chuckle, then renew the bait;  
You skirmish, dally, then recast,  
You smoke in half a dreamy state.

Yes, vainly conscious do you sit,  
With hope of conquests yet to win;  
The plastic fancies wildly flit;  
You seem to see great seas of fin  
Come nibbling to your magic wit;  
And every one must bring his twin!

## A VAGARY OF FISHING SEASON

There never has been angler yet  
For which fish took such seeming like;  
You are so certain you will bet  
In casks brimful of perch and pike;  
Of course you keep your gargle wet—  
A flask's so handy on the dike!

You've lost another? that's too bad!  
He must have been a baby whale!  
"The best thrill that you ever had?"  
Say! this will make a rousing tale!  
It sets your senses reeling mad!  
You picture it all in detail.

The folk at home will make ado  
O'er these cured specimens of pride!  
You'll soar amongst the favored few;  
You'll on great stooks of honor ride;  
You'll give the press an interview—  
They'll quote your sayings far and wide!

But now the sun is mounting high,  
The Island world is wide awake;  
The straggling herds come crowding nigh  
To quench their ardor at the lake;  
The early witchery now looks wry—  
The ferns, the bushes, the deep brake.

## A VAGARY OF FISHING SEASON

It's homeward hungry do we swing;  
I do not tell you that I caught  
The most of all our scaly string;  
You did not notice, being wrought;  
To tell you now would be a sting,  
Discrediting your merry thought.

For I was but the country guy  
And you the far-famed city dude;  
You paid my price for being by,  
So I could scarcely play you rude;  
I had my laugh all on the sly  
To see your tipsy gestures crude.

\* \* \* \* \*

All cosy settled at your club,  
In banks of fragrant smoke and wine,  
And tasting all the dainty grub,  
You boast with senses all ashine—  
(Forget they know you're but a dub)  
Of all your skill with hook and line.

"The biggest fish I ever saw  
Was one ~~that~~ broke my strongest hook;  
He has it still within his craw."  
(No one may doubt his tale to look  
Or ask him to withhold his jaw,  
Or name the brand he fishing took.)

## A VAGARY OF FISHING SEASON

(He did not see the sunken log  
That gripped the line so very tight,  
Nor know his brain had slipped a cog  
When he put up the silly fight;  
The fault was really in the grog  
That gave his arm the ready might.)

\* \* \* \*

It is the truth in all the world,  
A little fact none may gainsay,  
Where'er the spoon and line are twirled  
On any joyful holiday,  
The biggest fish you ever whirled  
Are always those that get away!

## A MEMORY

She came! she came!

Lo! how her freshness seemed to brighten me!

My heart leaped forth responsive to the same;

Awakened instincts how they lighten me!

I seemed to feel in every pleased look

The vivid friendship, and my being shook.

She even came

Much as the bud that quickens over night,  
That springs at morning into flowery flame;

And all the trails grow wond'rously so bright;  
She with the splash of gold bespangled stood,  
And then I knew to live indeed was good.

We wrought along,

Served well our duties as we clung together,  
Talked idle things, sung snatches of a song,

Spoke lightly of vain politics, the weather;  
And when we fain exchanged our world-flung  
views,

It thrilled me to the soul with wild enthuse.

## A MEMORY

O, earthly thought!

I asked but one thing in my obtuse mind,  
So burdened was I as I delved and wrought—

I asked nor got it not or else how blind;  
How dense! Did I in my rapt over-zeal  
But worry one that really sought my weel?

And then it came—

The foreseen parting—and I did endure;  
I still went on nor spoke again the name  
I found deceitful, once I thought was sure,  
I felt forlorn, in every thought distressed,  
Lacking that wholesomeness, refining zest.

The tinselled days,

Must pass immutable in buried glow;  
I often feel as one that's in a craze,  
That's acts—but does not seemingly to know;  
Speak not to me again that stinging name,  
'Tis not for me voluptuous help to claim.

The stinging pang

Shall raise a quiver in my breast no more—  
That fraught-with-comradeship, light, teasing tang  
A closed scroll shall it be forever more;  
But when the devil views his book of lies,  
Methinks I know of some that may arise.



## A MEMORY

Away, thou cheat!

No one shall pluck from me that which I hold—  
That which is mine—a memory—that's past—  
Not when my mind aches in its grinding  
mould;

I shall not whimper, neither may I rest,  
But day by day do valiantly my best.

## REVERIE OF THE WALTZ

This is no time for craven fear  
Or gloomy, backward faults;  
You're out for sport and winsome cheer—  
The fond and subtle waltz.

The rousing senses crowd the will—  
Thus trustingly released;  
They surge with that hilarious thrill  
And seek the jovial feast.

Slowly the music breaks in tune  
And fills the gladsome hall;  
Softly speak sparkling lips that swoon—  
Scarce answer, yet enthrall.

Artless you soften to the spell  
And willingly respond,  
As weird, voluptuous, the swell  
Riots in space beyond.

You scarcely heed the scene before,  
You're wrapped in other thought,  
Smoothly revolve upon the floor,  
For this your heart is wrought.

## REVERIE OF THE WALTZ

What charming touch! unblemished thrill!

You can but feel and gaze;

You do not bend to vulgar will—

Delightful, glorious maze!

Oh! rarest of the spotless things

To which we sometimes bow,

The very mood respires, she clings

In wayward tinsel now!

The waxen floor just slips behind,

You seem to glide or float,

Revolving in that step you find

Again reverse, but note;

You seem to tread, you may not know

The motion drops in space;

You wildly breathe, the pulses glow

At such astounding grace.

What the allurements, trifling dream?

How quite unreal but fair

You follow that bewitching stream,

You thread some crystal stair.

Star of the waltz! what limpid eyes!

Matched to such lithesome fire!

## REVERIE OF THE WALTZ

When mutual still, reversing ties  
Float on in coy desire.

A gayer fragrance rends around  
In that resplendent glow,  
And sweeter than melodious sound—  
We cannot see, but know.

The encircling clasp, touch of the real,  
But cloaked in dazzling scene,  
Harmonious trust in touch reveal—  
Dare not the trust demean.

How near the sacred it respires!  
How near the fair divine!  
The nerves still flash with tingling fires—  
Hark, soul the mood is thine!

O maddening touch! bewildering whirl!  
While this love-hunger last,  
This is the moment and the girl—  
You cannot choose, but cast.

The thread of hope seeks comfort now  
To make the perfect blend;  
Harmonious still, the steps, the vow,  
Rush on the waltz's end.

## REVERIE OF THE WALTZ

O charm that still our minds enthuse!  
Who dare portray thy faults?  
Who would thy merriment refuse,  
Thou grand, delirious waltz?

How lightly in the vivid scene  
You seem to softly bask;  
The dainty graces crown their queen!  
Go forth, seek her, and ask!

## RHYME OF WILLIE LYNX

A shadow slim as a yeggman's glim  
That darts, searches or blinks;  
A dapper chap with his tipped ear-lap  
As in the brush he sinks;  
A phantom wise with his owlsh eyes—  
That's Mr. Willie Lynx!

And Willie Lynx unlike the sphinx  
Was very lean and thin,  
With shovel jaws and scythe-like claws—  
A shabby unkempt skin,  
A ragged mouth like a summer's drouth  
And a whiskered, ghostly grin.

Foot-falls as soft as a star pegged aloft  
As the fay morn it drinks;  
A coquette cute in her fine spring suit  
As she fawns, gestures or winks,  
So soulful, wise, with her hot green eyes—  
That's Mrs. Willie Lynx!

## RHYME OF WILLIE LYNX

Yet Willie Lynx had the mind of a sphinx  
In his sequestered fen;

'Twas near this lair with his lady fair  
He built a cosy den;

But Willie had one cautious fad—  
The fear of dogs and men.

About them lay in the sunny day  
Their lusty nest of kits;

And every one was full of fun—  
Such fussy little chits!

Their romping noise and queer decoys  
Threw Willie into fits.

'Tis fair that Willie could not bear  
To see them skip and jump;

He tried to sleep but they would creep  
And scratch or shake and bump,

Till in a whirl would Willie skirl  
And chase them up a stump.

For Willie true was just like you,  
So easy to provoke,

When little boys make such a noise  
And into mischief poke;

He most did rue his helpmate true  
And roving kitten folk.

## RHYME OF WILLIE LYNX

But hungry kits must have tid-bits  
Of squirrel and rabbit meat;  
By nature shy would tease and cry  
For something more to eat;  
And Willie knew a fresh lamb stew  
Would be a relished treat.

He let a squall, a caterwaul,  
To give his courage flush;  
The echoed wail beside the trail  
Made Willie sulk and blush;  
The timid streak left him so weak  
He vanished in the brush.

He was so cross, he dug the moss  
And kicked up such a row,  
He snapped his teeth within their sheath  
With such a puckered brow,  
The rabbit tribes with hurried strides  
Sought their retreats, I vow.

Now Willie free sat on a tree  
His wife sat by his side,  
And he wished that he were as good as she  
Fresh dinners to provide;  
For Willie Lynx (unlike the sphinx)  
Thought of his gaunt inside.



## RHYME OF WILLIE LYNX

Then sought the hunt with stealthy stunt,  
And lounged beside a hole;  
He sought a pool in timbers cool  
To fish—no line or pole;  
How seldom still he knew the pill—  
Hard work—would save his soul.

'Twas on a log in a tamarack bog  
One fine day Willie stalked;  
He craved for meat that he might eat—  
When lo! before him walked  
A striped beast to make a feast—  
'Twere better he had balked.

He bared his claws and swivel jaws  
With power almost drunk;  
He made a scoop, he looped the loop,  
And then did Willie flunk—  
No bones to pick, no chops to lick,  
It was a common skunk.

(The lynx set are acute you bet,  
They have their every whim,  
A shuffling world in which they're whirled,  
Their likes and dislikes prim—  
A wily pride and they swing it wide,  
They keep their suiting trim.)

## RHYME OF WILLIE LYNX

He hides his face, he's in disgrace,  
The family made him pack;  
He is the talk of the tribal walk,  
The lynxes think him slack;  
Each screws his nose at Willie's pose  
And turns on him his back.

He is a dub and he must scrub  
To loosen up the scent;  
He is a bat, a crazy cat,  
A silly, slothful gent;  
He yet may learn all in his turn  
To be a bit lucent.

Perhaps some day not far away  
They may let him return,  
If he behaves and pardon craves  
And promises to learn  
In all his stalks and hunts or walks,  
To use some sane concern.

## DESTINY

When Destiny's astounding wiles  
Allure the inclines of the heart,  
How good that Honor's sterner smiles  
Still hold us to the nobler part.

To see a vision of the dell—  
A vision! yet how real to be—  
To picture all, as in a spell,  
Just as it seemed to feel to be.

To tell of love, of Virtue's face,  
Of Nature's splendors; everything  
That helps uplift the human race—  
That good in life to which we cling.

To think of scenes we ne'er may see,  
Of Beauty—cease a heart thy pangs!  
On that blest soil yet ne'er to be,  
When o'er such mood one dark beam hangs.

To picture with an aching pen  
A possibility—how small!  
That coming to oneself again,  
To find an Eden with a fall!

## DESTINY

To hunger till the senses ache  
For just that one forbidden taste  
That to surmise, but cannot take—  
(E'en though that choicest touch may waste.)

Just but a token, one scant word!  
One little easing of the heart!  
Thus fondly rest e'en to be stirred—  
An ideal yet, if but to part.

How dark the waiting, scant the kiss,  
How fogged the blight that takes its toll;  
To strive, to brave—surmount all this—  
To live and vindicate the soul.

For each one purpose to fulfil,  
For each a Marathon to run;  
And when that triumph of the will—  
A greater Destiny's begun.

## A SONG OF REGRET.

The face still seeming near,  
'Twere better to ignore;  
A voice I'd love to hear,  
Yet I may seek no more.

A name I once did reach  
Shall wither on my tongue;  
The words make listless speech—  
Best sealed, since trust is stung.

The trust I once did give  
Hath turned to bitter gall;  
'Twere saner to outlive  
Than be irrational.

Give to the thieves their due,  
For memory slowly dies;  
The truest friends are few  
When trust's estranged by lies;

Unskilled to witching song  
Is unbeseeching vow;

## A SONG OF REGRET

Too short, and yet so long  
Am I regretful now.

A face still seeming near  
'Twere better to forget;  
A voice I'd love to hear—  
I seem to hear it yet.

## UNTHOUGHTFULNESS

How often do our careless lips  
Pronounce the cheerless word;  
Our lives are full of canting slips  
Of good denied, deferred;  
We might great deeds of kindness wrought,  
Had we but thought, had we but thought.

How often do our acts seem rude  
Or jar another's sense;  
How often do the eyes bedewed  
Recall our negligence;  
Those little things sorrow has taught,  
Brings us to mind, we never thought.

The chance we had to press the hand  
Or quench the testy tear,  
We left, as if to juggle sand,  
And passed on cold and sere;  
Till coming home with burning fraught,  
Recalls that ceaseless never thought.

## UNTHOUGHTFULNESS

There was a time we toiled amain  
A post to reach or keep;  
But as we came afar, we fain  
Would stop to think or sleep;  
To reach the topmost stand we sought,  
We lost it by one, never thought.



## SOWING

'Tis better in this world of pains  
To sow a few life-giving grains  
Of love and virtue all along,  
Than take a world or city strong;  
They may choke out some rusty stains,  
And raise a soul to speech and song.

Then when the numbered days shall roll  
Across that once unwary soul,  
We'll bless the Lord of Harvest-Time,  
And thank him for His Love Divine  
That saved it from the tempter's scroll,  
And set it in the broad sunshine.

Toil on, rake on, gather and weep;  
Sow we the seed, but God will reap!

## BEAUTY

If beauty of person were fragrance of mind,  
A forbearing world might we everything find,  
Where vice, sin, or coldness could scarcely agree,  
And bid loud defiance while flourishing free.

Ah! Beauty of person! at thee would we grasp;  
But beauty of mind is the best, and will last  
'Till the wavering steps mark the progress of age,  
And the furrowed brows shine as words of the  
sage.

But beauty of person not all may possess,  
Yet the mind keep embellished, toned in love's  
press;

To cultivate daily this token of grace  
Will make the world take of a heavenly place.

And true worth then shall have her proper estate,  
With beauty acknowledged as only a trait.

## SEEKING

Out of the frigid, squalid throng  
I came with my maudlin dross to her;  
My tongue was parched and had no song  
But she drew me with my cross to her.

My sores were cooled in mountain dew—  
What compares with the name of her?  
Revigored I felt in bone and thaw,  
And I felt me strong in the flame of her.

Now I know the faith that curbed me fair  
Came from the heart so warm of her;  
Infused, I gulped the wholesome air  
Filled with the potent charm of her.

## A GOAL

Oh! for the knack of speech!

A boon to gain!

What strife to stem to reach,

And strawed with pain!

A ladder broken, frayed,

The feet must test,

With falls checkered, dismayed—

Before the rest.

With every move to rise,

A baffling blow;

Even at times the skies

Deluge the snow.

For sorrow sullen, deep,

Preludes each sweet;

Anguish and broken sleep

For trail-torn feet.

The ideal beckons; Haste!

Dost wherefore drift?

Why shuffle, longer waste?

The cross uplift!

Life's Dardanelles are passed,

The seamless war,

Lo! in the East at last,

The Blazing Star!

## PARTED

Return to your cowslip meadows  
And I will take the ridge;  
A gulf there is fixed between us—  
A gulf that we may not bridge.

Your path is flower-sprinkled  
And mine is pricked with hate;  
Leave me for your luscious bowers—  
Leave me to my course serrate.

We clasp across the fastness  
The fluttered last 'good-bye,'  
But never a trembled token,  
Nor the strangle of a sigh.

Then haste to your ruby bowers—  
I take the pebbly ridge;  
You have fixed the gulf between us—  
I do not ask to bridge.

## AN END OF RAIL

I want no costly, blazoned rites  
Paid for me at my end of rail;  
Just a nook in some ragged heights  
Near the tramp of some tardy trail.

Where coyotes to the jewelled sky  
Mouth their woes in a pitching tone,  
Or the honk of wild geese phalanxed high  
Find no re-echo but their own.

Far from life's blandishments to be  
When I claim my allotted sod;  
There in shy nature would I see  
A sure embodiment of God.

No long words of a garnished tongue  
Ever would suit my flesh and bones;  
P'le me a loving mound unsung—  
A rustic mound of nature's stones.